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The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS *incorporating* THE LITERARY DIGEST

OCT. 23, 1937

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Dinner Pails

Work, an appetite, a dinner pail. Every day millions of Americans put these three things together without ever realizing that this one routine act tells the entire story of American industry and progress.

MEN and women all over the United States, from the Eastern tip of Cape Cod to the Western point of the Territory of Hawaii...belong in this picture... people who turn tin ore into pails, hides into leather handles, products of ranch and farm into food...who make, pack, ship and sell dinner pails and the many things they hold.

Sugar is one of the things that brings the Territory of Hawaii into the picture. A million tons grown in her American cane-fields each year, to supply an American demand never fulfilled by domestic production. *Some of it is in a lot of American dinner pails.*

That enables the American cane sugar industry in the Territory of Hawaii to give jobs to thousands. The dollars these workers get, they spend for the things they need. So those dollars start rolling right back into the pay envelopes of thousands of other workers in every branch of American industry.

That puts Hawaii in the picture twice, once with her sugar in the dinner pail, again with some of her money in the worker's pay envelope. And, thus simply told, we have the story of American industry, a story of accomplishment made possible by the teamwork between America and her industries—a story that shows the vital importance of the part played by the Territory of Hawaii, U.S.A.

*

DO YOU KNOW... The people of the United States are among the world's greatest sugar eaters. Sugar to supply the requirements of twenty million Americans is produced by their own cane-fields in the Territory of Hawaii. This important American industry furnishes the equivalent of nearly 1½ pounds of cane sugar monthly . . . for every man, woman and child in the entire United States.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

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There's a "new" kind of transportation on our city streets today

ABOUT thirty years ago, the thrills of streetcar riding were crowded out of youthful favor by the automobile. But they're showing strong signs of a comeback today. It's old stuff to go downtown in the family car — but gosh! wouldn't it be fun to go in that big, shiny, low-slung trolley! It travels along so smooth and nice you can hardly hear it coming—picks up and "goes places" like a sport roadster. And talk about four wheel brakes..!

It is a far cry from the "Toonerville" of yesterday to the modern streamline electric cars and trolley coaches. This new-day *electric* equipment is evidence of the "public-be-pleased" attitude of modern street-transit management. It combines speed and mobility with the clean, quiet smoothness of electricity itself.

To make such equipment possible, car builders called upon Westinghouse engineers to solve many technical problems. On a large proportion of the new cars, the motors, control apparatus and braking systems are Westinghouse-built. The street railway industry is thus one of many through which Westinghouse serves the public indirectly, besides its direct services to homes, farms, offices and factories everywhere.

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

OCTOBER 23, 1937

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Fascism over communism

Kentwood, La.—Henry Varrston, in his letter of September 11, knows only too well of the hardships suffered by Russians who are defiant to their present form of government. It would seem that Great Britain and France, not to mention our own United States, should soon wake up to the realization that communism is spreading here as fast as it is spreading abroad, and with but a little more support will uproot the sacred principles guaranteed by the Constitution.

In Spain the fascist powers are flayed for their open support of the cause of the rebels. It may be true that Franco will be a fascist dictator in Spain if the rebels win the war, but that should not be any cause for alarm, for fascism at its worst is on a higher plane than communism will ever reach.

Hitler and Mussolini should be openly supported by the great nations; for they hold the solution for international peace.

I do not favor any form of dictatorship, but in place of communism anything would be acceptable. I hate to see our own United States on the side of Russia, when communism is the direct cause of our labor struggles today.—*Constant Reader*

We may relax

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Henry Varrston's letter, in your September 11 issue, follows a pattern that periodically clutters up all "the editors' mails" in the country. Especially typical is his beginning: "Much of the real truth about what happened in Russia in recent years cannot be told because of the rigid censorship maintained and the misleading information and propaganda sent out." Reading further, one comes to the conclusion that somehow *he* has managed to circumvent all this trickery and has discovered the true danger of the situation.

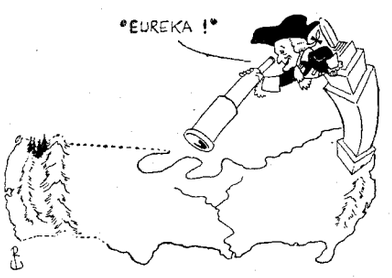
I think that our present government, with all its many faults, is probably about the best thing on the market at the present time, and I care little or nothing about how well Russia's scheme of government may be fitting her particular needs. Yet, following Mr. Varrston's trend of thought, a change is just around the corner because of Russia's gold and large army, lurking only a few thousand miles away. That is pure nonsense. Our government will be changed just as soon as the people want it changed —no sooner.

Our country's gravest danger will always be from within as long as our standard of living is admittedly so much higher than that of any European country. We are in as much danger from Mexico or Cuba as from Russia or Germany.—*Edwin Sheffield Marsh*

West is best

Saline, Mich.—There is sometimes displayed by eastern editors a lamentable lack of correct information about many matters relating to the West. I have lived many years in the West; and now being in the mid-East, I have excellent opportunity to observe its false outlook.

Most of America lies west of the Hudson River; there are millions of men with push and power out there doing things—



not sitting behind mahogany desks trying to wisecrack about things they never saw and know little about. Most of the future growth of the United States will be west of the Mississippi, and it would be well for the provincial East to remember that.

The best land, the best scenery, the best water power, the richest mines, the best timber, the best schools, and some of the best colleges are in the West. We have been urged to "See America First," to "Read America First," and now I urge that we try to "Know America First."— *C. A. Jewell*

East is least

Los Angeles, Calif.—Not only you, but substantially all the editors of our magazines of the Atlantic states, especially of New York City, write and act as if that seaboard constituted the entire nation. Provincialism has been a curse in this nation, and there is no section in which this has been more true than in the North Atlantic states.

It has been a national joke for years that New Yorkers look even upon Cleveland as being in the "Far West." As for editorial ability, the West has the equal of anything in the East. Some day there will arise a publisher who will recognize this fact.—*Laurie J. Quinby*

To think for oneself

Sedgwick, Kans.—In your September 18 number, Renee Travis says: "After all, why do we Americans buy our newspapers and magazines daily and weekly, unless it is for them to guide our thinking and form for us these opinions which we uphold so firmly?"

I never have and never will buy a newspaper or magazine "for them to guide" my thinking.

I buy newspapers and magazines to get the news, to get the evidence. But I aim to guide my own thinking and to form my own opinions, based upon such evidence as I am able to gather from the newspapers and magazines, as well as from other sources.—*C. L. Foster*

—And sudden debt

Philadelphia, Pa.—I like your magazine because of the way you state the news. I should appreciate very much if you would give your thoughts on indebting the future generations, the selling into bondage of the yet unborn.

The people of this nation need enlightenment on money—which seems to be at the bottom of all national and international ills, and which has ceased to be a medium of exchange.—*O. L. F.*

Cellar Club lectures

Waynesville, N. C.—The "Cellar Club" of New York City is by no means a new institution. I was a member of one of them about half a century ago. Our headquarters were in a basement in Eldridge Street, between Delancey and Rivington. The influence of street clubs can be judged by the character and renown of some of my fellow-members, whose culture and good citizenship can be traced in considerable measure to "cellar clubs."

The majority of us were employed in the daytime and attended night classes either at Chrystie Street grammar school or at Norfolk Street high school, from which many graduated to the New York City College and to Columbia University. Our leisure hours were spent at the club, the nightly programs of which consisted of lectures and debates.—*Cellar Alumnus*

Grease lines

Los Angeles, Calif.—Since publication of your August 21 issue, I have been deluged with inquiries from the aeronautical world as to whether or not the airplane appearing on the cover of your magazine is the *Aeroneer,* built by the Phillips Aviation Company. Obviously it is.

I congratulate you on the excellence of the artist's work, which took in even the minutest details shown in the photograph—the shadows and the grease lines. I am sorry he changed the last number on the rudder—our ship is so well known among aviation enthusiasts that no number is needed for identification; the number shown in your picture is assigned to an airplane of another type.—*James A. Phillips, Jr.*

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

THERE MAY BE grumblings in Congress, there may be further rumblings from press and public, but, by last week's action of the United States Supreme Court, the case of Mr. Justice Black, for all practical purposes, seemed closed.

Quickly the Court disposed of the attempt by two New England attorneys to remove the Justice on the grounds, first, that he was a member of the Senate when it increased the emoluments of his present office, and, second, that former Justice Van Devanter, whose seat he assumed, left no vacancy, since he simply retired and did not resign. The Court ruled that neither attorney could prove himself damaged by the Black appointment; that neither had sufficient legal interest in the question to justify a hearing. There was no mention in the attorneys' motions, or in the Court's decision, of Justice Black's former membership in the Ku Klux Klan. In official Washington, the consensus is that other steps against the Justice are possible but will prove equally futile.

Special session

WHAT THE FIRST session of the seventy-fifth Congress neglected or refused to do, during its 229-day sitting, will go down in history as the major political news of 1937. But since the work it chose to leave undone was just the work Franklin D. Roosevelt wanted done most of all, it has been predicted since August 21, the day of adjournment, that fall would find House and Senate reassembling for a special session.

Returning to Hyde Park after his cross-country political excursion, a fortnight ago, the President told reporters that he had found the West strongly in favor of some form of crop-surplus control. This would be the first and most important order of business, he indicated, if and when he called the extra session. In addition, he was anxious to have the legislators wind up at least three other items of unfinished business: (1) the measure regulating wages and hours of work in American industry and banning from interstate commerce goods produced by child labor (passed by the Senate, but kept off the House floor by a bloc of Southerners); (2) the bill splitting up the nation among seven regional planning groups for conservation purposes (no action taken on this in either house); (3) the program for reorganizing the executive branch of the government, extending civil service, creating two new Cabinet posts, and providing the President with six special assistants (the House passed separate bills embodying parts of the program, but the Senate took no action).

Last week the President finally proclaimed an extraordinary session of Congress, to begin November 15. Then he delivered a "fireside chat" to the nation, discussing all four of the above bills, "which," he said, "make a program for the immediate future. And I know you will realize that, to attain it, legislation is necessary." The most sanguine New Dealer did not expect the program to go through before the Christmas holidays. There would be too many stumbling blocks. In the Senate, for example, action on the anti-lynching bill, first order of business, may start a prolonged filibuster—which would mean a legislative log jam like the one caused by the Supreme Court bill.

INTERNATIONAL

WILLIAM GREEN opens the Denver convention of A. F. of L. and denounces its rival, C. I. O.

Coughlin off the air

THROUGHOUT most of the 1936 presidential campaign, the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, of Royal Oak, Michigan, kept New Deal hearts palpitating in alarm with the prophecy that he and his National Union for Social Justice would deliver 9,000,000 votes to his Union Party candidate, William Lemke. Unless he came through with the 9,000,000, the Radio Priest declared, he would "get off the air." Lemke polled but 890,000 votes and Father Coughlin did turn from the microphone. In a few months he was back again, however.

Returning from a European vacation a fortnight ago, he showed that he was the slashing phrasemaker of old. "It is my hope," he said, "that Justice Black will live to be 200 years old. . . . May he be a monument to . . . Mr. Roosevelt's personal stupidity in appointing him."

Archbishop Edward Mooney (installed in the Archdiocese of Detroit last July after the death of Bishop Michael J. Gallagher, Coughlin's old defender) promptly reproved him for this remark. Last week the Radio Priest was unable to get the Archbishop's approval of a statement he had prepared in answer to the reproof. At once he canceled his contract for a series of 29 broadcasts rather than "talk nothing but platitudes."

Two years of C.I.O.

MUCH SWIRLING water has flowed under Labor's bridge since the day, two years ago, when John L. Lewis and seven other ambitious labor leaders gathered in Atlantic City to announce the birth of the

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CARDINAL MUNDELEIN entertains as the President passes through Chicago, returning from his sentiment-sounding trip to the Far West. Mundelein thirteen years ago was created one of four American Cardinals

C.I.O. To review these 24 months of concentrated industrial unionizing by his faction, Lewis last week went to Atlantic City again. This time he had with him not only the original seven lieutenants, but 150 others.

Since reporters were not admitted, there was no detailed account of the meetings, but C.I.O. officials were delighted to let the press in on that organization's amazing record of progress. There are now 32 international unions in its set-up, 550 local industrial unions. Membership, centered in coal, steel, autos and transportation, totals 3,718,000. As of June 1, 1937, every member of the C.I.O. had been paying dues of five cents a month. In the past 16 months the organization has disbursed $1,745,968.

Committee leaders were particularly anxious to point out that they had won total wage increases of $1,000,000,000 from employers. This includes a rise of $250,000,000 for steel workers, $100,000,000 for auto workers. Meanwhile 2,000,000 C.I.O. members had won shorter hours.

When John L. Lewis set out to "organize the unorganized," he was aware that ultimately he must be tossed out of the A. F. of L. for "dual unionism" and was airily indifferent. When he marched into Atlantic City last week at the head of his staff, he maintained that indifference —even to an expulsion order which the A. F. of L. convention in Denver had just passed by overwhelming vote.

Nevertheless, the C.I.O. proposed a conference with the A. F. of L. to "consider the methods and means whereby a united labor movement can be brought about in America."

Delaware wife-beaters

THAT VENERABLE trick question of the law courts, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" had better be answered with double care in Delaware. James Hart, 30, convicted of wife-beating, was led to the whipping post in the yard of the New Castle County Work House in Wilmington the other day. His hands were bound to the post above his head; his back was bared. Warden Elwood H. Wilson, straight-armed (bending the elbow is not permitted), cracked the cat-o'-nine-tails across his flinching body. Ten times the lash found its mark.

It was the first use of this punishment for wife-beating in a decade, though flogging is common in Delaware for other offenses. The state adopted the custom 220 years ago. Since that time all other states have abandoned it. In Delaware, however, New Castle County Work House has witnessed 350 floggings since 1923. The state criminal code reads: "The punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly by strokes on the bare back well laid on."

Though twenty spectators saw Hart flogged, the state is sensitive to public sentiment. It does not permit women to witness or feel the lash. No photographs may be taken; last week guards confiscated a miniature camera which peeked through a hole in a spectator's derby hat. No man may be struck more than sixty times, and that maximum is reserved for those who set fire to public property or administer poison with intent to commit murder. Counterfeiting and causing a vessel to be wrecked are both punishable by thirty-nine lashes, rape by thirty, horse stealing and embezzlement by twenty, dog thieving by not more than twenty. Wife-beaters may be lashed not fewer than five times nor more than twenty. It depends on how badly the wife was beaten.

Seminoles look south

AMERICA for the Indians is the doctrine of President Cardenas of Mexico (see page 18). Responding to an invitation from Cardenas, the Seminoles, 3100 strong, may migrate from Oklahoma to Mexico, where some of their ancestors settled before the Civil War.

Originally part of the Creek confederation in eighteenth-century Florida, they separated from the Creeks and overran that Spanish colony. After the American Revolution they welcomed fugitive slaves from Georgia and the Carolinas, leading to successive border incidents and a punitive expedition in 1817 commanded by Andrew Jackson. Spain then sold Florida to the United States.

In 1832 a corrupt Seminole chief named Emathla, by the Treaty of Payne's Landing with General G. A. Thompson, pledged his nation to migrate west of the Mississippi. The rank and file of the tribe, led by Osceola, son of an English trader and an Indian slave, repudiated the treaty, killed Emathla and Thompson, and, in the resulting war, took the lives of 1500 soldiers. Only through violation of a truce did United States forces capture Osceola and subdue the Seminoles.

In 1856 virtually the whole tribe was removed to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, though a few hundred still live in the Florida Everglades. As one of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma they were practically an independent nation and owned their land communally. Gradually they were brought under government control. In 1906 they were made American citizens and the land was divided among them.

Since then the Seminoles have lost 90 per cent of their holdings through sale and mortgage foreclosures. Their total income in 1936 was only $2525, aside from $81,000 in oil royalties held in trust by the government. Most of them, farmers and skilled handicraftsmen, are impoverished, but this year President Roosevelt vetoed a bill to allot each tribesman $35 in cash.

Count of the jobless

FOR A MONTH to come, declares John T. Biggers, Toledo glass manufacturer, the country will echo and reëcho to the clamor of a "big ballyhoo."

"Ballyhoo," he declares, is the proper

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word to describe the slam-bang publicity campaign that is to precede the registration of the out-of-work, ordered by the last Congress and soon to be conducted under Mr. Biggers' direction.

Every newspaper—including those printed in foreign languages—will carry appeals for coöperation in the nation's first count of the unemployed. Every movie theater will show sound films endorsing it. Every radio station will broadcast speeches to the same effect, including one by the President himself.

The preacher in your church, the teacher in your children's school, the mayor of your city, the governor of your state, all will solicit your assistance.

Finally, on November 16 or 17, the postman will bring you a yellow card, eight inches by nine, bearing an appeal from the President urging you, if you are wholly or partially unemployed, to answer its fourteen simple questions by midnight on November 20. "If you give me the facts," the Roosevelt appeal will say, "I shall try to use them for the benefit of all who need and want work."

This publicity barrage is needed to urge the unemployed to register, since Congress directed that the census be taken by voluntary registration (it was thought that a thorough house-to-house canvass would be both too expensive and too slow). The director of the ballyhoo is Frank R. Wilson, farmer-neighbor of Roosevelt in Dutchess County, New York, who helped in three wartime Liberty Loan drives and in the NRA mobilization.

Taking cues from the Post Office's successful distribution of a billion dollars' worth of bonus bonds to veterans in 1936, and the Social Security registration campaign of the past year, Mr. Biggers has enlisted the aid of the 80,000 mail carriers to deliver the registration blanks to every home and to transients and tramps as well. The tabulation of returns will be entrusted to the Census Bureau. Thus the Administrator has avoided the creation of a huge temporary bureaucracy.

Once the figures are in, Mr. Biggers' next job will be to find out what proportion of the unemployed registered. Hence, house-to-house surveys will be made in typical areas and these accurate figures will be compared with the number of registrations. Thus a quotient of inaccuracy will be obtained and used to compensate all the figures. When the adjusted returns are in, we may know, for the first time, just how many wholly or partially unemployed there are, their age, color, sex, occupation, number of dependents, and sources of income, if any.

Congested traffic

AESOP'S slow-poke tortoise outraced the hare which, though much the faster, kept stopping. In congested cities of today passenger cars far fleeter than hares are often outraced by relatively tortoise-like means of transportation.

A week ago, in a test case, a bicycle outsped seven other rivals through the heavy traffic of Chicago's Loop, covering one mile in 11½ minutes. Close behind, in order, were a taxicab, an elevated train, a private automobile, a horse, and a pedestrian. A Baltimore rush-hour test found a taxi the fastest, with both a walker and a private car taking twice as long. The taxi averaged less than eight miles an hour in the two cities, bicycle and horse six, pedestrian and private auto five, bus and street car less than four.

In New York City, reports Clyde G. Conley, president of the American Institute of Steel Construction, "old horse-drawn coaches . . . averaged eleven and a half miles per hour. Today automobile traffic does not average more than fifteen. . . . Automobile traffic today, because of innumerable starts and stops, red lights and other signals, is compelled to move . . . at speeds no greater than were possible in the old 'horse-and-buggy' days."

So serious has congestion become that Mr. Conley offers $5000 "for the most suitable structural and architectural design of an elevated highway." Norman Bel Geddes, industrial designer, forecasts a city of the future with elevated express roads eliminating all traffic-blocking intersections and separating the pedestrian from vehicular streams. Frank T. Sheets, president of the Portland Cement Association, even recommends rebuilding the entire highway system of the country at the cost of $57,000,000,000. The money, he says, would be repaid in forty-five years through increased use of automobiles.

If traffic congestion were eliminated, asserts Dr. Miller McClintock, director of Harvard University's Bureau of Street Traffic Research, the American people would buy from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 more cars (they are buying 5,000,000 this year, the second highest number on record). "The consumption and use of automobiles at the present time," he says, "is controlled not by the ability of the American people to buy more automobiles, but by their inability to use such automobiles as they have, or might have, with a decent degree of security and convenience." In the first half of this year, it was announced last week, California passed New York State in total motor

END OF THE MONARCHY? Llandaff Cathedral, near Cardiff, Wales, began in Richard III's reign to place carved heads of Britain's monarchs along its walls; and legend said that when the last spot was utilized the monarchy would come to an end. At any rate, the uncrowned portrait of Edward VIII now joins those of his father and grandfather

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AMATEUR Chinese soldier, typical of the well-to-do who are giving their money and their sons to save China. Note the facial expression: Does he know what "all the shootin's" for?

vehicle registrations. Traffic congestion has kept New York City's 7,000,000 from buying the cars they might.

War quarantine

A FORTNIGHT AGO only the President of the United States could have diverted the attention of America from Associate Justice Hugo L. Black, the World Series, and the onrushing football season. Franklin D. Roosevelt did just this when, in Chicago, after his swing through the West, he observed solemnly and without warning:

"When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine. . . . War is a contagion, whether it be declared or undeclared. . . . If civilization is to survive, the principles of the Prince of Peace must be restored. Shattered trust between nations must be revived. . . . There must be positive endeavors to preserve peace. America hates war. America hopes for peace. Therefore America actively engages in the search for peace."

A highly important and widely applauded speech, it was followed by a quick succession of tingling events. In Geneva, the Assembly of the League of Nations, heartened by the President's words, adopted a resolution condemning Japan as an invader of China and urging that signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, guaranteeing Chinese independence and territorial integrity, gather for a conference.

Almost simultaneously our State Department bluntly accused Japan of violating the Nine-Power Treaty and the Briand-Kellogg Pact and announced that it was ready to take part in the projected international conference.

If in international circles it was suspected that Franklin Roosevelt's "quarantine speech" was the whim of a moment, and used primarily to divert attention from the embarrassing Black controversy, such suspicions soon vanished. Last week, in a radio address honoring Polish-Americans, he touched again on the theme of peace-through-coöperation: "We as a nation seek spiritual union with all who love freedom. We stand before the world today as one people."

Broken treaties

THIS IS the third time the State Department, firmly if diplomatically, has branded Japan as a treaty-breaker. In 1931, when the Nippon war machine first rumbled into Manchuria, America joined other powers in reminding both the oriental nations of the Kellogg-Briand agreement which they had signed. In 1932 Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson played a lone and daring hand in announcing that America would recognize no Sino-Japanese treaty "brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations" of the same agreement.

What are the two treaties which, in America's opinion, Japan has reduced to scraps of paper?

In 1921 the world was still smoldering from war. China was murmuring against Japan's invasion of Shantung province. Britain was building ships at a furious pace and apparently was edging closer to Nippon, also busy enlarging her navy. To our State Department it seemed certain that China's Open Door was about to be slammed shut.

Against this background of suspicion and jealousy, President Warren G. Harding suddenly proposed that the nine nations having interests in the Far East (United States, Great Britain, Belgium, China, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal) send representatives to Washington to talk peace and disarmament. Assembling on November 12, 1921, the diplomats conferred for three months, emerging at last with seven treaties. The most significant was the so-called Nine-Power Treaty, which had four main provisions: (1) guaranty of the sovereignity and independence of China; (2) agreement to help China maintain a stable government; (3) guaranty of the Open Door policy, meaning "equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout territorial China"; (4) agreement among signatories not to seek special privileges in China at the expense of one another.

Six years later Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg teamed diplomatically with Aristide Briand, then French foreign minister, on the Kellogg-Briand Pact, an idealistic effort to outlaw war completely. Under it the high contracting parties condemned "recourse to war for the solution of international controversies"; renounced it "as an instrument of national policy"; agreed that settlement of disputes "shall never be sought except by pacific means."

The two treaties are toothless, since no means is provided for enforcing them. But they are still very much alive.

Eastern front

JAPAN, perhaps with a guilty conscience, was quick to resent the President's anomalous Chicago implication that she is an aggressor, and rejected any western interference in her eastern venture against China.

Touchy, aggressive nazi Germany thundered, reminding Mr. Roosevelt of what happened to a certain Mr. Wilson and his "good intentions" back in ill-fated 1917. Moral condemnation from idealistic American presidents is anathema to her, obsessed as she is with sad World War memories. Further, she is allied to Japan by a 1936 red-baiting anti-Bolshevik pact.

Italy was the aggressor in Ethiopia, and now is an aggressor in Spain. She announced she would "spare no efforts to support Japan." Her ambassador to Tokyo impressed the Japanese Foreign Office with Italian approval, as did Mussolini in a signed article. His own newspaper assailed America, Bolshevism, capitalism, democracy—almost in one breath.

England, with heavy interests in North China, resenting Japanese blockade of the Chinese coast, hailed the Chicago speech with acclaim. Chinese sources hoped that England and America would "quarantine" Japan by a firm boycott of her goods, as the hopelessly entangled Japanese marched their half-million soldiers to and fro. Russia and France—opposed to Japan, Germany, and Italy—were pro-Roosevelt.

In short, pacific "have" powers (England, France, Russia, China, Holland, Belgium) gathered around Roosevelt; while aggressor "have-nots" (Japan, Germany, Italy) were loud in their defiance. This needy anti-communist trio were avowedly communistic and soak-the-rich when it

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came to the plutocratic nations' fat lands and rich natural resources.

Meanwhile, deep in Hopeh province above the Yellow River, Japanese turn the Chinese flank and capture Shihkiachwang Fortress. This means a defeat for 200,000 Chinese, who retire to their "Hindenburg Line" on the Lunghai railway. Credit goes to Japanese General Juichi Terauchi, who seeks to push the defenders over the river: wet "Mason-Dixon Line" between North and South.

Western front

MAJOR western front news last week was the presence of 20-year-old Bruno Mussolini in Spain as a rebel flier. With this Roman eaglet were 23 crack Savoia-Marchetti bombers. Some of their Italian pilots had participated in Balbo's transatlantic mass flight to the Chicago Fair in 1933. Others were winners in the recent Paris-Damascus-Paris air race, in which young Mussolini (a veteran of Ethiopia) took third place. The senior Mussolini said his hefty boy was an "idealist"; and his arrival with his top-speed, high-class squadron was a distinct psychological boost to the Spanish rebels.

But if Italian aid looks promising today, it did not do so last March in the one outstanding battle of the Spanish civil war: *Guadalajara.* Only now have complete details of this Italian defeat come to light, through original research of the leading Dutch military expert, M. R. H. Calmeijer. This is the story:

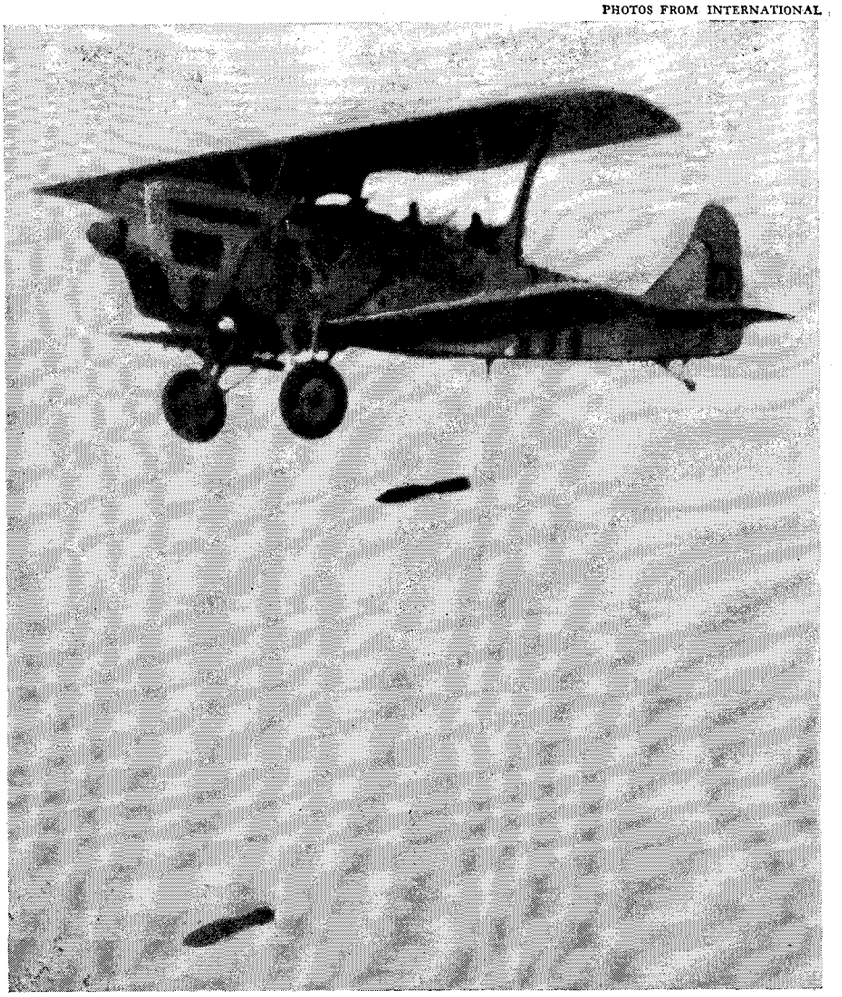
Franco, besieging Madrid, wanted desperately to cut a cement Madrid-Valencia road not then under rebel gunfire. Mussolini's General Mancini led two motorized, mechanized Italian divisions, Littorio and Third Blackshirt, to the attack on March 8, 1937. They started from Siguenza and aimed for Guadalajara, 40 miles away, the junction point for Madrid's outlet to east-coastal Valencia. They had machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, mortars, field artillery, mountain artillery, flame-throwers, five airplane sections, 3-ton Fiat baby tanks, and close to 900 infantry transport trucks. Action took place 2000 feet above sea level in rain, wet sand, and sticky clay.

The 20,000 Italians gained five miles the first day with small loss. Next day in trucks they advanced another eight miles. Then a highway bridge collapsed and their motorized infantry columns were much delayed. Seven miles farther, at Torija, the advance halted. Loyalist General Miaja rushed in his International Brigade (roughly 20,000 Frenchmen and Italian antifascists), using motor transport. Loyalist airplanes and guns bombed the helpless hundreds of parked rebel infantry trucks, and rebel planes could not rise from their soggy air fields. A loyalist armored train forced back the rebel right wing at Cogolludo.

By March 13 the Internationals were the attackers, reinforced by a Spanish militia brigade (No. 50). Sixty 10-ton Russian-built tanks overwhelmed the light Italian Fiats. Loyalist planes created near-panic among the mud-muddled Italians. On March 18 the loyalists took Brihuega and its embattled Santa Maria church. The temperature was only 10 above zero.

Finally, on March 23, the retreating Italians, though brave enough, found themselves a few miles west of where they started. They had lost 24 field guns, scores of infantry trucks, thousands killed or captured. Madrid was saved.

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL



IT'S WAR IN THE AIR over China, with Japan now boasting complete mastery. Here a Japanese plane drops bombs on the Peiping-Hankow railway

Ontario's Mr. Hepburn

A MAJORITY, almost as sweeping as the one which made him Premier of Ontario in 1934, reëlected the Liberal, Mitchell F. Hepburn, a fortnight ago.

An avalanche deposited Liberals in 70 per cent of the legislature's seats, leaving the Conservatives as politically emaciated as in 1934, when a legislature overwhelmingly Conservative became overwhelmingly Liberal overnight. These and other breath-taking somersaults in Ontario's political circus are due to Hepburn's dynamic leadership.

Mitchell Hepburn—"Mitch" to friends, a distinction in Canada, where public men are usually above nicknames—is best known for his bitter fight last spring against a C.I.O. sit-down strike in General Motors' Oshawa plant. Hepburn intervened, contended that C.I.O. representatives were "imported agitators," and openly doubted John L. Lewis' sincerity.

Against this background, Hepburn played up his present electoral victory as a public endorsement of his anti-C.I.O. policy and prophesied "another five years of industrial peace" for wealthy Ontario. The C.I.O. centers were themselves divided: Oshawa and North Ontario mining districts returned Hepburnites, but Windsor and heavily-unionized Toronto elected anti-Hepburnites.

Besides the C.I.O., Hepburn—a farmer by background, sentiment, and avocation—has opposed such various phenomena as big business, electric utilities (if and when monopolistic), pomp at state banquets, and Toronto's famous $500,000 "stork derby." Though Protestant, he initiated (but later repealed) school reforms favorable to Catholics. He regards his Conservative opponents as extravagant "tea-sippers." The result: when he became Ontario's youngest Premier (38 in 1934), he auctioned off all motor cars run by Conservative ex-ministers at the prov-

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DIGEST PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

REMINISCENT of France after four years of war is this scene in Spain. The village was Potes, in Santander province, captured by General Franco

ince's expense and slashed cabinet salaries, including his own by $2000 a year.

These hearty actions have earned Hepburn some bitter enemies, from whom he guards himself with an armored car and bodyguards. His followers, on the other hand, worship him and believe that he will wind up as Prime Minister of Canada. Because of his political showmanship and alleged dictatorial tendencies, opponents brand him "Huey Long of Canada." Society-minded observers label him "Ontario's Jimmy Walker" because of his wit and faultless dress.

The man has dash. In 1934 he swept the province off its Tory feet in a whirlwind campaign tour which covered 7000 miles in a month, with as many as five speeches a day. Later, when the Dionne "quints" ran the risk of being exploited commercially, Hepburn made them wards of the British King-Emperor, set up a permanent board to protect their interests, and started a campaign to aid orphans. With typical decisiveness, he publicly announced (before telling his childless wife) that they would adopt two babies—which they promptly did.

12 billion lire can be wrong

ETHIOPIAN conquest of 1935-36 was more than a mere colonial expedition like that of Britain on the northwest frontier of India (see October 9 number). It was a major war in which close to 300,000 men were shipped down through the Suez Canal, plus two successive, rival field marshals: bald, snowy-bearded, old De Bono and trim, Teuton-type Badoglio, now Duke of Addis Ababa.

Doughty Signor Graziani, who commanded on the southern Somaliland front, became Viceroy after victory; and he was bombed and wounded by natives last February at Addis Ababa. His resulting mass executions provoked international protests. Meanwhile, slavery was abolished and Mohammedans (a third of the population) were favored at the expense of the Coptic Christian two-thirds. Thus did Mussolini become self-styled Protector of Islam.

Ethiopia is larger than California, Oregon, and Washington combined, with a native population of perhaps 10 million. Italy has no oil, iron, or coal, and too many people (44 million). Does Ethiopia pay its new little Imperator, Victor of the House of Savoy? Apparently not. The cost of conquest was well over 12 billion lire, or $630,000,000, plus an anticapitalist capital levy.

Since then, little oil has been discovered, and minerals gracing the interior are scanty and almost impossible to transport through lack of rails and roads. Coffee is being produced full blast—enough for Italian domestic consumption; but Brazilian coffee is almost a drug on the market and costs so little that Ethiopian coffee is no special economy. The interior plateau is barely suitable to white colonization, but few Italians have migrated, and the cost of settlement is all too high.

In short, tremendous capital is needed for modern communications and development of natural resources. Meanwhile: current revolts, cruel repressions, guerrilla warfare, no dividends, exorbitant investment and maintenance costs.

Down in Brazil

THE UNITED STATES of Brazil is 272,000 square miles bigger than our U.S.A. She is a mixture of Portuguese, Italians, Spanish, Germans, Japanese, Negroes, Indians, and weird Upper Amazon Pygmies. She was well ruled by emperors of the Braganza House until 1889, having become independent under the leadership of the Portuguese Crown Prince in a mildish coup of 1822. (The Portuguese royal family and court fled to Brazil, their colony, during the Napoleonic wars. Hence today the uninhibited Brazilian aristocrats are genuine; not self-made gauchos, etc., as in some other parts of Latin America.)

Now 45 million Brazilians are scheduled to have a presidential election in January. President Getulio Vargas declares a "state of war" for ninety days because of communist plots. This is a convenient way to frustrate supporters of the opposition candidate, Armando Oliveira, many of whom have been jailed as "reds." Army and navy are getting restless, meanwhile, and a fascist Integralista movement wears

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WOMAN SPY, "Beautiful Minga," proves that truth is stranger than fiction. Assigned by the Spanish loyalists to vamp a rebel submarine commander, and get him to switch sides, she fell in love with him instead

green shirts and threatens blood and thunder.

Brazil—socially progressive, politically backward—has no real political parties, but functions through state "Tammany" gangs (there are 20 federal states). The Big Three are Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes, and Rio Grande do Sul. When any two of these states coalesce, they rule the roost. Even in Congress, the delegates sit not by parties, but by states. Everybody over 18 votes for everything, woman suffrage having been inaugurated in 1933 to help elect Vargas. The total ballot was then 20 per cent female.

Vargas had come up to Rio de Janeiro, the capital, from ranching Rio Grande do Sul, but today he has that Teutonic power-nest against him. Nevertheless, his personal candidate, Jose Almeida, is expected to win the election hands down, by hook, crook, or timely red-baiting. Presidential term is 4 years. Then Vargas can come in again.

Fourth Swiss language

SWITZERLAND has more than 4 million people. Some 3 million of them speak German, nearly a million speak French, a quarter million speak Italian—and roughly 50,000 speak "Roman" or "Latin" (Romansch or Ladino). This latter obscure tongue, used in easterly Grisons canton, is the closest existing relative of ancient Latin, with distant Romanian as second closest, and Spanish perhaps third.

Three official languages have long existed in Switzerland: German, French, Italian. Now "Ciceronian" Romansch-Ladino is made a fourth official tongue, to the joy of classical ghosts.

Other multilingual lands are Belgium (French, Flemish, German); Czechoslovakia (Czech, Slovak, German); Canada (English, French); Eire (Gaelic, English); South Africa (English, Dutch, German); New Mexico (English, Spanish); and Paraguay (Spanish, Guarani Indian).

Died

MAJOR Baden Fletcher Smyth Baden-Powell, 77, pioneer in English balloon technique, former president Royal Aeronautical Society.

Albert W. Ferris, M.D., 80, insanity expert, president of the New York State Lunacy Commission from 1907 to 1911.

Michael Dooley, 84, retired New England banker; Democrat; president of the Rhode Island Electoral College in 1928.

Melvin E. Haggerty, 61, psychologist; Dean of the University of Minnesota Education Department; president of the National Association of College Teachers.

Ambrose F. Petry, 69, former western utilities executive; a leading Roman Catholic layman.

Thomas Nelson Perkins, 68, Boston attorney, former chairman of the board of the Boston & Maine Railroad, one-time member of the World War Reparations Commission, and a senior member of the Harvard Corporation.

Henry McBride, 81, Seattle banker; Governor of Washington, 1901-05.

Ogden Livingston Mills, 53, Secretary of the Treasury in the Hoover Administration, statesman, patron of the arts; a power in Republican politics.

Ernst Ludwig, 69, former Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson of Queen Victoria; abdicated in 1918 when Hesse became a free state.

Zenshiro Yasuda, 60, banker, of the house of Yasuda, one of Japan's greatest banking and industrial families.

General Michael Dietrich, 64, once Minister of War for Imperial Russia, commander in the offensive against the Austrians at Lutsk in 1916.

Alvis D. Hewitt, 95, last of the 285 Iroquois Indians who fought for the Union in the Civil War.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE GERMAN savant who is working out a cure for laziness doesn't expect riches. The ingratitude of the sufferers he has saved will be enough.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The head of the W.C.T.U. lauds Hitler because he doesn't drink, but that seems to us almost like an argument in favor of taking an occasional snifter.—*Ohio State Journal* (*Columbus*).

Street railway service in many cities is being discontinued. This is published for the information of many who are still waiting on corners for street cars.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

In the year that ended last June 30, the Government took from us $4,132,986,000, and you'd think anybody could balance anything with that, if he really tried. —*Boston Globe.*

It seems American men-of-war will remain in Far East waters to protect Americans for the duration of the peace. —*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Motorists are frequently warned against picking up "thumbers"; but the latter have need to be cautious also. Two youths, fleeing from the law in Henry County, Tennessee, the other day, "thumbed" a ride from the Sheriff of that county.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The G.O.P. is putting more and more of its energies into weighing its hopes for '40. These range from our Mr. Vandenberg to that typical prairie statesman, Fiorello LaGuardia.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Modernizing a big hotel seems easy. You place blue chairs in the old lido lounge and call it the maritime bar. —*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

No wonder the Rodeo is packing them in at Madison Square Garden. It isn't the steer-roping or the bronco-busting that's attracting people; right now it is the cheapest way to see a good-sized piece of meat.—*Walter O'Keefe in New York World-Telegram.*

One of the more populous Malay States reports that only five persons were killed by tigers in a year. It might be because the tigers don't go 70 miles an hour with one arm around a girl.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Looking over the field, we are inclined to think the politest of all our tax collectors is the filling station man. He also sells gas and oil.—*Kansas City Star.*

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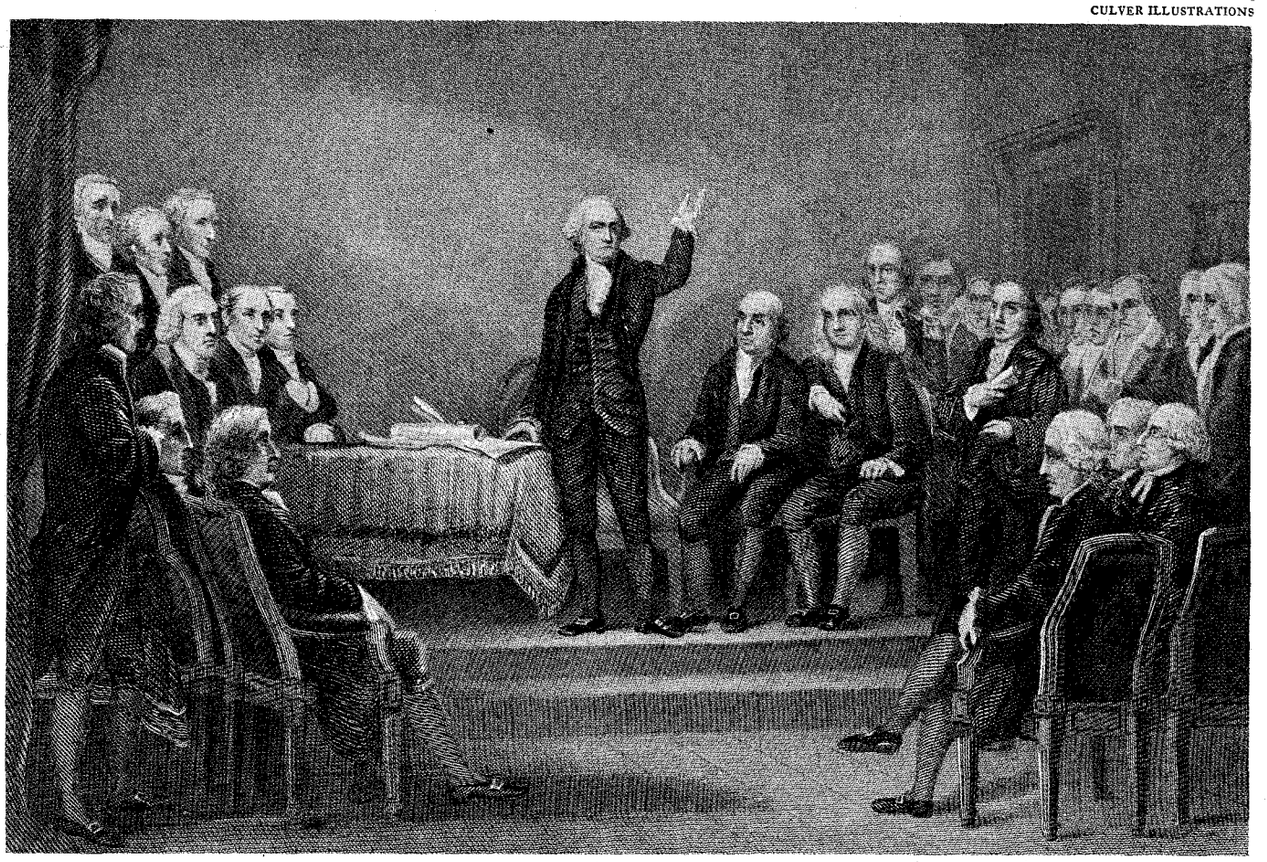
CULVER ILLUSTRATIONS



WASHINGTON persuades state delegates to ratify the Constitution of 1787

AMERICA'S BILL OF RIGHTS

IT IS CONVENIENT to reckon historic time by centuries—a point about which the civilized world is in better agreement than about most other things. We identify the sixteenth century with bold voyaging and discovery. From our standpoint, the seventeenth century was taken up with colonizing, pioneering, tobacco planting, and Indian fighting. During the eighteenth century our colonies became important units in self-government and in sea-borne commerce. Late in that eighteenth century they gained their status of complete independence, having united for that purpose.

A hundred years later we celebrated this achievement of independence with whole-hearted enthusiasm. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 was planned to glorify American progress as a sovereign republic. But that Centennial was so profoundly influential—especially in its cultural bearings—that it has been justly regarded as in itself a history-making event.

We recognize every recurring July 4 as an anniversary to be observed. Yet the longer periods—the half century or the century—are treated as worthy of monuments rather than mere milestones to mark our historic advance. Why this is so is a question that anyone may answer. It is enough to say that we like to measure the longer periods of time in multiples of ten years; and the habit has become fixed.

It suited the mood of the country this autumn to recognize September 17 as a monumental anniversary of the signing of the Constitution in 1787. Delegates from twelve states on September 17 of that year affixed their names to the finished draft of their proposed organic law, as the concluding act of the constitutional convention. For a hundred and fifty years this framework of national government has been strong enough to bear the tests of social and economic change, and elastic enough to answer the needs of an expanded country of forty-eight states, extending across the continent.

Other anniversaries will now follow in rapid succession, some of general significance and others more local in meaning. The Constitution had to be accepted and ratified; and each state acted only after careful discussion. Delaware's final action (it is recorded) was on December 7, 1787. Pennsylvania ratified next, on December 12. New Jersey acted affirmatively on December 18. Georgia came next, voting for the Constitution on January 2, 1788. Connecticut ratified on January 9. Massachusetts followed on February 6; Maryland on April 28; South Carolina on May 23; New Hampshire on June 21, and New York on July 26.

These eleven states were qualified to take part in the choice of Electors in 1788 who voted unanimously to make George Washington first president under the Constitution. He was inaugurated on April 30, 1789, at Wall and Nassau Streets, New York, in the old Federal Hall, where the Subtreasury building now stands. At this point let us not forget to remind the reader that in 1939 New York will celebrate Washington's inauguration as impressively as possible. The metropolis is already preparing for what it has determined to make the greatest World Fair.

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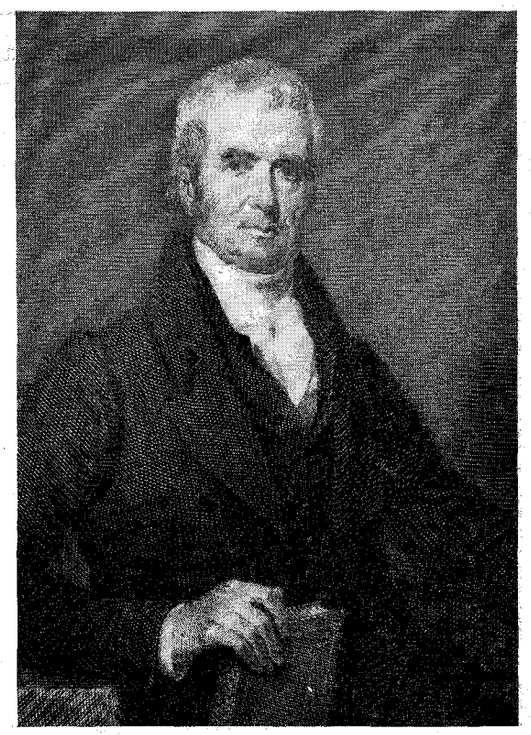
North Carolina's delegates had been among those who signed the Constitution on September 17, 1787; but ratification in that state was postponed until November 21, 1789, nearly seven months after Washington had begun to serve as President. Rhode Island, being anxious about this and that, and having a long and notable record of liberty to safeguard, did not accept the Constitution until May 29, 1790.

During the weeks and months that followed the completion of the Convention's work, there was widespread demand for an immediate enlargement of the Constitution to include amendments defining the liberties of individual citizens and safeguarding the rights and powers reserved by the people and the states. Agreement was readily reached, and corresponding promises were made to the legislatures when they voted to ratify the original document.



JOHN MARSHALL imparted to the Supreme Court the exalted position it has since held

At the first meeting of Congress, in September, 1789, twelve amendments were drafted and submitted to the states. Ten of them were duly ratified, and they constitute what is commonly known as the Bill of Rights. These ten Articles should be regarded as forming part of the original Constitution. Eleven additional Amendments have been adopted, one in the eighteenth century, four in the nineteenth, and six in the twentieth, the last of these being the repeal of prohibition. The assured adoption of the Bill of Rights was one of the circumstances that overcame the reluctance of Rhode Island to enter the Union.

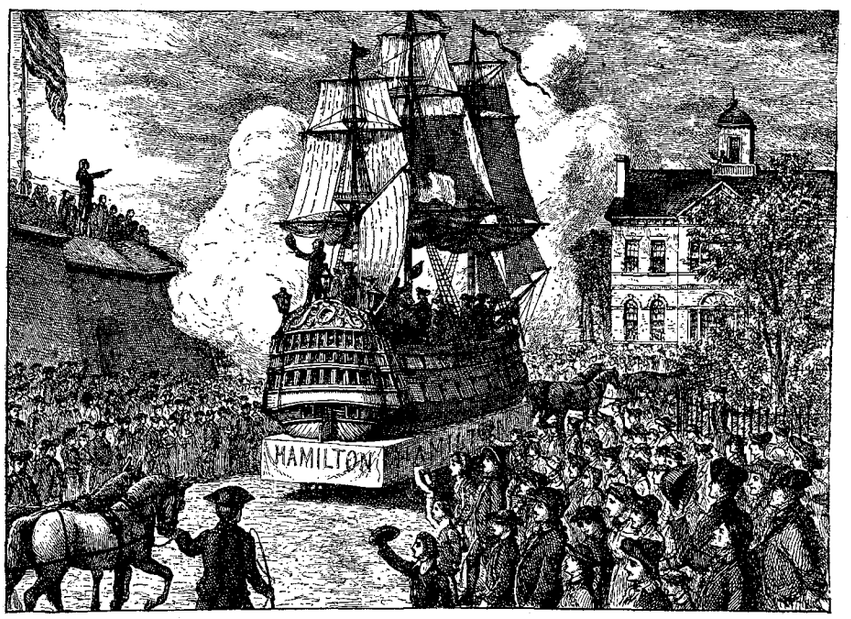
On March 4, 1791, Vermont was admitted as the fourteenth state in the Union. Kentucky's admission as fifteenth bears date of June 1, 1792. Tennessee entered the Union four years later than Kentucky, and Ohio's admission bears date of March 1, 1803. All the remaining states became members of the federal sisterhood during the nineteenth century except Oklahoma, in 1907, and the two new states of the Southwest, Arizona and New Mexico, both in 1912.

In recent discussions at Washington relating to questions of constitutional government, the Senators and Representatives from the newest states have had quite as great prestige and influence as those from the oldest commonwealths. Yet in the backgrounds of Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, and several other members of the formative group, there already lay in 1787 more than a full century of experience in the habits of local self-government. These states had, indeed, become in the eighteenth century the world's best models of constitutional democratic government. What they gave of their powers to the new federal authority was for the common good. What they retained was quite enough for the rounded, everyday life of the states, their local communities, and their individual citizens.

While we shall soon be celebrating our successful experience of a century and a half since Washington took office under the Constitution, we should not overlook the fact that the states have never sacrificed the general powers that they retained. Virginia had adopted its historic Bill of Rights eleven years before the federal Constitution was drafted. The Virginia constitution had been made by brilliant students of law and government. James Madison simply took Virginia's experience with him to aid the Philadelphia convention. New Jersey's constitution of 1776, and New York's constitution, adopted by a state convention in 1777, are documents not to be ignored in American constitutional history.

The Declaration of the Rights of the Inhabitants of the State of Pennsylvania, in sixteen articles, was embodied in a constitution that went into effect at the end of September, 1776. It was revised and adopted in 1790, with a Bill of Rights set forth in twenty-six sections. Maryland's Declaration of Rights was in forty-two numbered paragraphs, and bears the date of August 14, 1776. A state constitution was adopted at the same time. The statesmen of Massachusetts, after preliminary failures, succeeded in framing a constitution that was duly ratified in 1780. It set forth in thirty articles a Declaration of the Rights of Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There followed the "frame of government" for "a free, sovereign, and independent body-politic or state, by the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Every one of the states, the newest as well as the oldest, has made a record of local constitutional history with which its citizens should be familiar. There is nothing in the documents themselves that is too difficult to be taught to high-school students. Moreover, there is much else in the record of men and events that gives distinct character to the history of each



ALEXANDER HAMILTON, stanch advocate of the Constitution of 1787, was honored by a float in the procession celebrating the adoption of the document

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CULVER

LEGEND has it that these women saved the fort by venturing forth for water while Indians attacked. Such were the times of the Constitution's writing

one of our forty-eight commonwealths.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York he laid unusual stress upon the importance of maintaining the functions of the states in relation to the daily welfare of the people. As President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt has gone further than any of his predecessors in seeking to extend the authority of the central government, and to deal directly through agents of the federal authority with farmers, wage earners, and unemployed or indigent people. The two positions are not wholly inconsistent. The one principle that all citizens, old and young, should bear in mind lies in what we may call the "federative balance."

All government agencies belong to the same people, and are to be used as may seem best from time to time. Having tried national prohibition, the people decided to give it up. Having tried federal relief on a great scale, under personal control of the President, it is altogether probable that this system will be abandoned and that the states will resume their time-honored exercise of responsibility for dependent as well as delinquent citizens. There can be no such thing as a breakdown of the position of the judiciary, and this remark applies to the high tribunals of the separate states as well as to the Supreme Court.

The recent convention of the American Legion in New York City served to illustrate our national unity in a striking fashion. Immense numbers of people came from every state, and they were all congenial and perfectly at home with one another. In no other country could such a gathering have seemed quite so homogeneous. But at the same time these people flaunted their state banners, and all were happy in their local pride.

On September 16 many of the Governors of States, who had been meeting in annual conclave at Atlantic City, accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to a luncheon at the White House. They urged upon the President the importance of a conference to be held in the near future to deal in the most influential way possible with the pressing problems of taxation. The federal government has been charged with going beyond a proper limit in laying hands upon sources of income that have been regarded as belonging to the states for local purposes.

LET US keep in mind, therefore, the simple fact that it remains for the citizen to decide how he will use his state government, and to what extent he will bring the bureaucracies at Washington into what was once the strictly local sphere. The pending problems are not so much theoretical as they are practical. The President proclaims marvelous tidings of a more abundant life for all our people. His eloquence warms our hearts, and he makes us feel that happier days are possible and must be realized. Let us feel the inspiration; but let us not be too ready to believe that the good times ahead of us can be conferred through the various political agencies operating from Washington.

For the first part, people will always get on who have courage and character enough to help themselves. For the second part, people must find aid and comfort at the hands of their immediate neighbors and those with whom they live and act. What the national government can properly do is to assist in removing certain obstacles, and in making impersonal provision for the general welfare.

In conclusion, let us celebrate the Constitution as a plan of government, but also let us not forget that it rests upon the much older and equally permanent plans and principles of the state governments, and of the local communities which form the constituent parts of each one of our forty-eight commonwealths.

—*Albert Shaw*

COURTESY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Thoughts on the law prohibiting hogs to prowl the ſtreets of Philadelphia.

I Obſerved in a late newſpaper an extract, publiſhed from a law of this ſtate, which forbids hogs to run at large in the ſtreets of Philadelphia; and I have lately heard, with ſorrow, of the execution of the law, by the forfeiture of the hogs to the informers, and to the houſe of employment.

Nature does nothing in vain. She is a great œconomiſt in all her works. She appears to have intended hogs to feed on thoſe offal matters which would otherwiſe become not only offenſive to two of the ſenſes, but the cauſe of putrid diſeaſes.

From the want of a corporation theſe offal matters abound more in the city than ever; and hence ariſes the peculiar uſefulneſs of hogs in our ſtreets. They kindly ſupply, in one particular, the want of a city government.

In the cities and towns on the ſea ſhore in New England, where the inhabitants live chiefly upon fiſh, hogs are conſtantly permitted to run at large in the ſtreets, in order to conſume the great quantity of offal matter which is neceſſarily produced from that article of diet. They conſider them not only as ſcavengers, but, from their great uſefulneſs in preventing diſeaſes, they ſometimes call them phyſicians.

There is another advantage which ariſes to the city from permitting hogs to run at large in our ſtreets. It enables a number of poor people to lay up a few pounds of ſalt meat for the winter. A young hog that runs from the ſpring till the fall in our ſtreets, generally picks up about fifty pounds of fleſh, and from the number of hogs which ran laſt year in the ſtreets, it is computed that above forty thouſand pounds of pork were added to the ſtock of the winter proviſions of our city through this ſource alone. This conſideration ſhould have more weight with us when we reflect that many of the people who are benefited by the meat acquired in this way, would otherwiſe be without it altogether, or partake of it in much ſmaller quantities, and at a much higher price.

A friend to the health of the city and to the poor.

BUSY Americans in 1787 saved their time by reading *The American Museum*, first digest magazine. This writer eulogizes hogs in city streets

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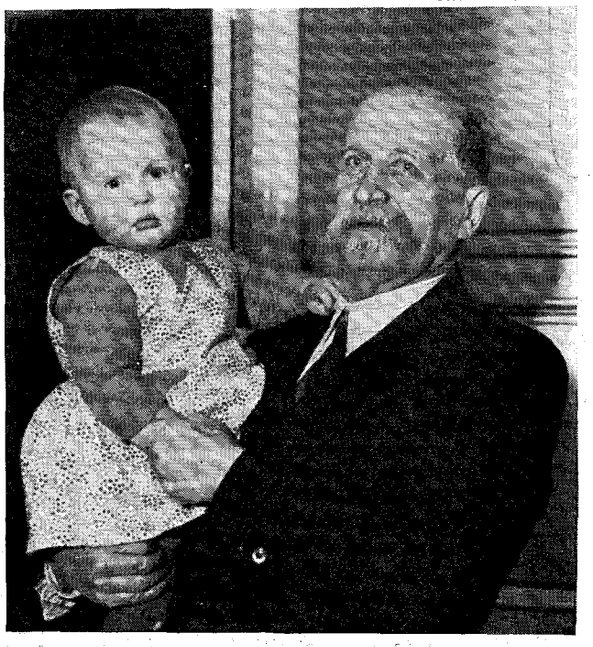
PHOTOS FROM GLOBE



ROCK OF FINLAND, Kyösti Kallio, recently elected president, and his pebble, a grandson

FINLAND'S MAN OF THE PEOPLE

If Europe is a madhouse screaming its head off as rival inmates prepare for a future Armageddon, then the Scandinavian North is singularly sane. Thus: Finland, the land of "60,000 lakes and 80,000 islands," a compact republic of nearly four million people, most of them farmers, and almost all of them Lutherans and democrats. What Finns want most is to die a natural death in bed—with or without shoes on. Finland is determined to keep from becoming a Russo-German battleground, the Belgium of the North.

Few Finns are more aware of this danger than a wiry, little, bewhiskered man of sixty-four, who, besides running a large model farm, also runs the country. Kyösti Kallio, recently elected president, is the rock of the republic. Not by chance does *kallio* mean "rock" in Finnish.

President Kallio looks and acts like a peasant. His agrarian policy aims at furthering Scandinavian sanity in international affairs, strengthening defenses just in case . . . and sailing down a middle course at home. That course seeks to avoid the Scylla of socialism and the Charybdis of toryism.

An old hand at politics, Kallio comes to his job with a bagful of past successes. Alone among Finns, he has been a member of the Diet for the past thirty-two years, its Speaker twelve times, and Premier once. After a hit-or-miss education, Kallio entered politics in 1904 and since then has been an active yeast in fermenting criminal, agricultural, and conservation reform. His greatest brain-child was the "Lex Kallio" which chopped down overgrown estates and handed the bits over to a land-hungry peasantry.

Finns are prosperous. Helsingfors, the capital, is a progressive city, noted for fine food, music, and modernistic architecture. Having weathered the depression, Finland continues to be the first, the last and the oh!-so-only country to pay us War Debt installments.

Finns are wise. Less than one per cent of the population is illiterate, an achievement in a country where a tongue-twisting Mongoloid dialect exists. First to grant women suffrage (1907), Finland pioneered prohibition, then turned around and sent her version of Volstead back to Arctic wastes in 1931.

Finland is resisting attempts to make the Baltic a Russian or German "lake" by rearming with little-known English help. Finns can neither forget Russia's Arctic maneuvers nor Ludendorff's outlandish remark: "Finland is the lock to Russia. Give me the key and I will open the door."

FINLAND'S FIRST LADY is democratic. She runs a model farm

HYDE PARK OF FINLAND. Here President Kallio, his wife and six children spend occasional evenings in playing the piano and violins, and singing folk songs

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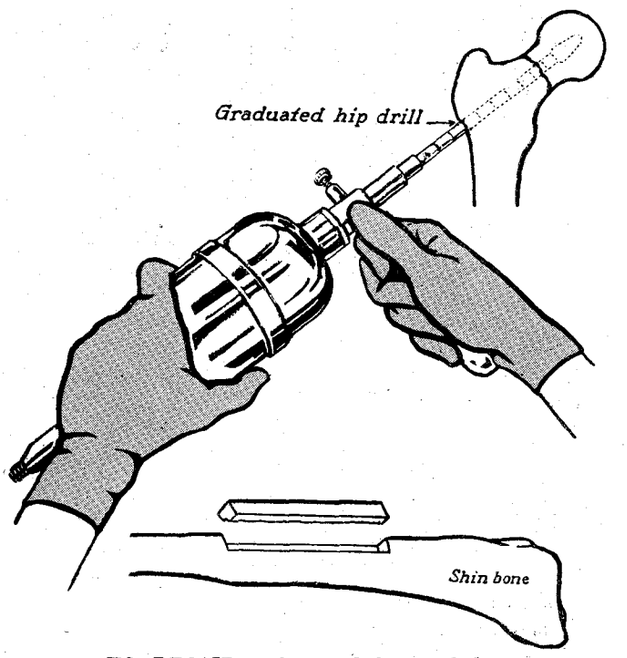
NEW BONES FOR OLD

DRAWINGS COURTESY OF KNY-SCHEERER



TO REPAIR a fractured hip, a hole is drilled about 2½ inches deep, at the proper angle. Then a peg is cut from the shinbone

A STEEL RIVETER who had just tumbled off a new skyscraper lay on the operating table with his hip broken in that ugliest of places—the socket. A few years ago, such a fracture would have condemned him to a life of limited hip-function, crutches, possible deformity. But modern bone surgery has a better fate in store for our riveter. Watch!

An assistant surgeon exposes the patient's shinbone to get material for a "bone peg," a live spike which will join one damaged hip-fragment to the other. Sometimes long steel nails are used, but the metal may kill the bone cells around it, enlarging the hole into which the nail has been driven, making the union loose and inefficient. Modern metallurgy is struggling to devise a material which will successfully resist the corrosive action of body fluids.

The orthopedic surgeon now lays bare the hip-joint, carefully "freshening" the ends of the broken bone fragments by cutting away small shavings of fibrous tissue. By means of a traction apparatus he brings the displaced bones into alignment. Then, consulting X-ray pictures, he drills a hole about two and one-half inches deep at exactly the proper angle through the broken hip, to receive the live bone peg which he has yet to cut from the patient's shin. He now detaches the drill from the motor, leaves it in the hole, and steps to the glistening shinbone already bared by his assistant.

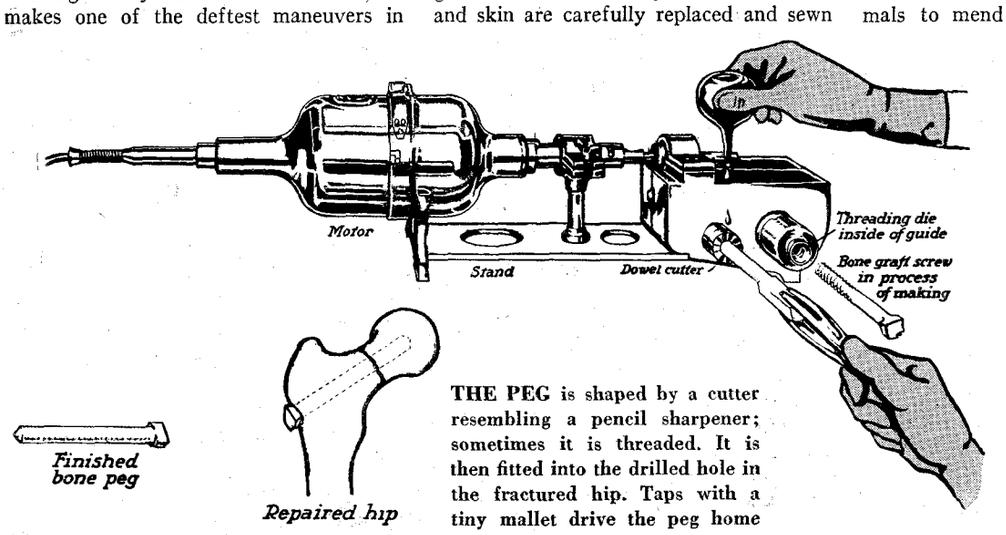
Using a tiny circular electric saw, he makes one of the deftest maneuvers in modern surgery. Touching the foot switch, the surgeon makes two long parallel cuts on the inner side of the shin, so placed as to provide enough bone to make a peg one half inch in diameter. It takes a fearless, steady hand to cut so swiftly without going too deep. The saw makes 3000 revolutions a minute; cuts clean with its infinitesimal teeth, instead of laboriously chipping like the chisel and mallet used for so many years; reduces surgical shock no end.

The graft is neatly cut and lifted from the shin. One end is grasped with clamps, the other is inserted into an instrument resembling a pencil sharpener, and comes out with a conical end which can easily be inserted into the drill hole in the hip. (Sometimes the graft is put through a tool which "threads" it like a screw.) During the entire process, salt solution is kept constantly falling on the tools to hasten cutting, prevent undue heat, and keep the graft from becoming dehydrated from exposure to the air.

The drill is next removed from the hip and the bone peg is driven home by gentle blows of a tiny mallet. Muscles and skin are carefully replaced and sewn together. The leg is put in a cast. There remain only the two months of "immobilization"—waiting for the graft and host bones to become like one. It is truly remarkable how these live bone pegs amalgamate with the broken fragments, binding them inseparably together. The man who thought he was crippled for life walks frequently without a limp, and X-rays taken at intervals show the line of demarcation between graft and host bone less and less clearly until it finally disappears. The patient has a brand-new hipbone, mended with his own shin!

The physiological principle on which bone grafting depends is the natural tendency of a healthy bone to grow or fuse with adjacent bones. As far back as 1860 the famous French surgeon, Ollier, began to experiment in supplying new bones for old. He tried using the bones of animals to mend diseased human bone. It didn't work. Soon after the beginning of the 20th century, the problem of bone repair became acute; the industrial age was cracking up bones at a fearful rate. The Great War further conspired to wreck man's framework. Orthopedics suddenly grew from the scorned stepchild of surgery (concerned chiefly with braces, splints and casts) to a fascinating specialty demanding the highest skill in human engineering.

Among the surgeons working at the front was Dr. Fred Albee, who had



THE PEG is shaped by a cutter resembling a pencil sharpener; sometimes it is threaded. It is then fitted into the drilled hole in the fractured hip. Taps with a tiny mallet drive the peg home

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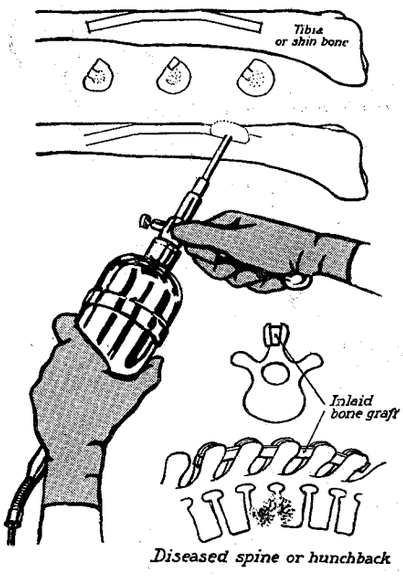


A ROD OF BONE is cut from the shin, and fitted into projections of the spinal column, to strengthen a weakened spine

grown up among the apple trees of Maine; he believed that bone surgery could advantageously follow a principle of tree-grafting by which various layers of wood—particularly the layers through which the sap flows—are matched. Albee felt that damaged bones would mend more quickly if circulating blood were allowed to flow freely through and around them. He didn't think in terms of iron braces; he was already dreaming of reconstructing human framework in terms of muscle levers and matched grafts. His first operations were performed with chisel and mallet, but these clumsy instruments annoyed him.

Recalling the circular saws of the Wiscasset lumber mill which had fascinated him as a boy, Albee experimented with miniature reproductions which would shape bones with the same speed and accuracy. The result was his electric motor with a variety of attachable saws, bits, and drills. The teeth of finest steel seem to give the saws conscience; one can almost feel human responsibility in them.

Although Albee prefers his electric saw, other great orthopedic surgeons—notably those at the Mayo Clinic—remove bone grafts in the following manner: with an instrument very much like a bit-brace, the Mayo orthopedist drills by hand a series of small holes along the edges of the section he wishes to remove. Then, with a mallet and chisel, he cuts between these holes until the bone fragment is free. Two advantages attach to this method, it is believed. First, the bone tissues are not seared by heat generated by the terrific speed of the electric saw; second, the small drill-holes along the edges of the bone permit an increased circulation of blood, hence more rapid mending.

The chips and fragments of bone removed by the chisel are carefully packed around the site of the fracture; this aids the broken bones to reunite. Sometimes when bones fail to join, small holes are drilled adjacent to the fracture. This drilling has two effects: (1) powdered bone is deposited within the fracture area; (2) an "aseptic" inflammatory process is created, which increases local circulation and thus brings a richer blood supply to the affected region.

When the shinbone itself is smashed, as in the common "auto-bumper" accident of today, how does the orthopedic surgeon reinforce it? Well, sometimes long metal plates are secured by screws to the injured bones; but too often these metal plates, subjected to the terrific chemical action of body fluids, corrode. The screws loosen, bones refuse to unite. So surgeons again began to experiment with animal bone, and have discovered that boiled beef bone makes acceptable material for grafts—though inferior to a living autogenous bone.

Today, when a massive graft is required to mend a broken thigh, shin or arm, a huge piece of beef bone is sometimes tailored to fit the need, and it is fastened in place by screws of the same material. The notable thing about beef bone is that it seems to amalgamate with, or be absorbed by, the bones of human beings. It permits an easy and ample blood supply to hasten mending, and serves as a skeleton structure along which the new bone forms. Pegs, screws, grafts and inlays are sometimes made of other materials, chiefly cow horn and ivory.

In the restoration of horribly disfiguring facial injuries resulting from auto crashes, the bone-graft plays an important part. Just as Paris dressmakers insist on well-chosen foundation garments, plastic surgeons insist on good bony underpinning. If the loss of the curved portion of the jaw is considerable, the surgeon may not graft from the shinbone, but borrow a piece from the naturally curving portion of the pelvic bone.

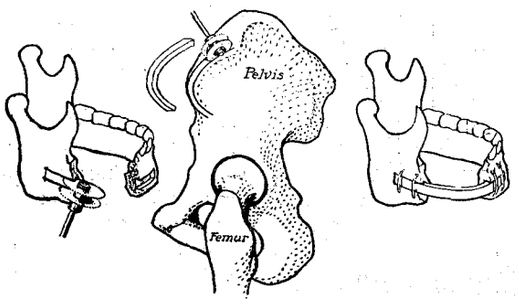
One of the most daring of bone operations, is the "trans-sacral graft" devised by Dr. P. J. Verrall, British orthopedic surgeon, to relieve persistent and disabling pain at the base of the spine. Where the spine enters the socket of the pelvis, it sometimes slips or is thrust out of position by accident or disease. To correct this condition, Verrall proceeds as follows: A square rod of bone is cut from the shin; incisions are made in each hip and the bone rod is inserted into one of them. It is gently hammered through the pelvic arch, and acts as a bridge or truss to support the relaxed sacroiliac ligaments with a rigid reinforcement.

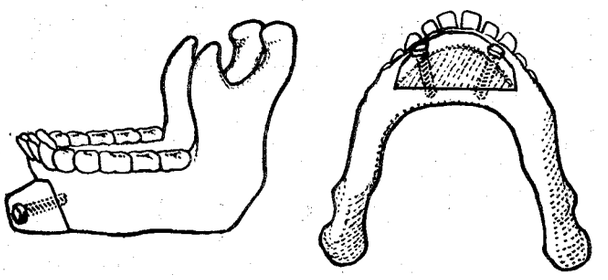
More than bones are involved in orthopedic surgery; nerves, muscles, tendons and ligaments must be shrewdly manipulated so as to give the reconstructed limb the maximum function. A repaired leg, for example, must not only be weight-bearing—like the leg of a table—but it must also have a wide range of motion and flexibility. Orthopedic surgeons are happiest when, after an operation, the patient can raise and flex an arm that formerly dangled uselessly, or walk freely upstairs with a hip that once was immovable.

But sometimes, when confronted by a diseased condition such as tuberculosis or cancer of the knee, the surgeon consciously sacrifices mobility to arrest the disease. He exposes the kneecap, saws out the diseased wedge, and brings the two healthy surfaces together. These are held in place (at the proper angle) by a cast, until union is complete. If the job is skillfully done, the patient will walk with nothing more serious than a

(*Continued on page 31*)

AFTER AN ACCIDENT which damages the jaw, the surgeon may borrow a curved piece from the pelvis. This becomes a foundation





A RECEDING CHIN may be reconstructed by a piece of bone that has been removed from the shin and carved to the desired shape. Screws to hold this grafted piece in place are made from shinbone too

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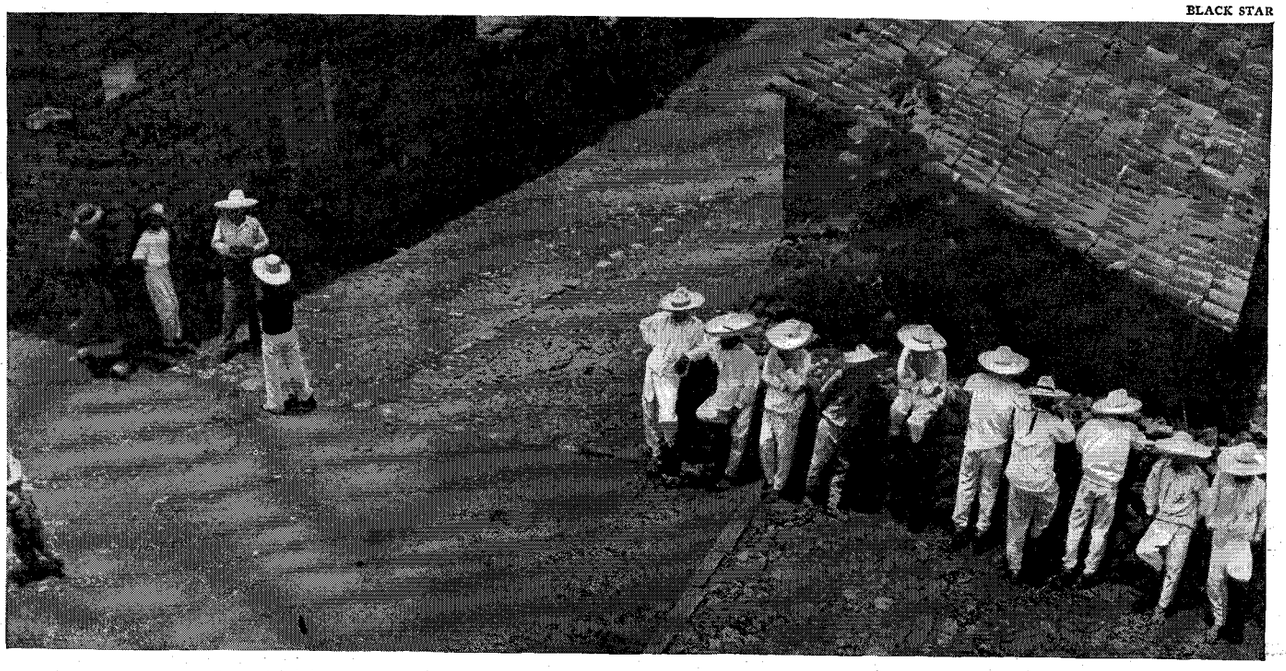
BLACK STAR



MEXICO'S INDIANS, once rulers, later ruled, now look to Cardenas as their champion

CARDENAS, INDIAN IDOL

LAZARO CARDENAS is today more than President of Mexico. He personifies a peculiar nationalism, first aroused in 1910 and known now as the Revolution—with a capital "R." Cardenas represents the latest and most sweeping phase of a 400-year struggle to give Mexico back to the native Indian.

Halfway along in his administration and barred by law from running for reëlection in 1940, Cardenas is taking great strides along a path of reform, mapped for him back in 1910, when sweat-begrimed peons marched out of the fields to the strains of "La Cucuracha," behind the revolutionary flag of Land and Liberty. Today, by the sons of those peons, this big, broad-shouldered man, with the dark skin of a full-blooded Tarascan Indian, is regarded as the Mexican Revolution come true.

Talking recently with Cardenas gave me the same impression. Very reserved, Cardenas is a sharp contrast to most nationalist rulers. As a democrat, he abhors ostentation. When he fell in love with his wife, he postponed their wedding until it could be performed without political fanfare.

Cardenas was born in 1895. The eldest of eight children, he shifted for himself at the age of 13, when his father died. An apprentice printer and then assistant tax collector, he became head of a printing house and local jailer. Then, in 1910, the Revolution struck. Two years later Cardenas unlocked the jail, took his one prisoner with him as a companion-in-arms, and joined the revolution that toppled conservative dictator Diaz from power.

In the ensuing years of struggle, Cardenas rose. Around him, other revolutionists bickered, took bribes, grew wealthy and—forgot the Revolution. Deadly reaction often set in, only to be sent flying by the sudden emergence of new and more sincere revolutionists. In 1917 came a constitution, pledging the confiscation of huge wealth and its redistribution to the impoverished peons.

Years went by, and the constitution was ignored; Carranza and Obregon came and went. Calles, the strong man, emerged —and grew conservative. Meanwhile, Cardenas rose to the highest rank in the army. Not because he was an outstanding general (he was once captured by his enemies), but because of his administrative qualities, the government valued him. He fought counter-revolutionists.

INTERNATIONAL

LAZARO CARDENAS, ex-jailer, now president, would restore land to Indians

Once, when he needed funds to fight local rebels, he "borrowed" 20,000 pesos from business men at the point of a gun. He said he would repay them. The business men considered the pledge a gesture, until a messenger suddenly turned up with the 20,000 pesos. Amazed, the merchants told the messenger that the loan was really a contribution and they couldn't accept its return. Wiring for directions, the messenger got the now-historic reply: "Carry out your commission. —Cardenas."

By 1934, Cardenas' star had risen to the point where Calles selected him as next president. He immediately set a precedent by touring all Mexico, and winning 80 per cent of the popular vote. Today, as absolute ruler of Mexico, Cardenas lives simply. He has few hobbies, seldom smiles, never smokes, rarely drinks. He spends most of his time traveling, mingling with the people.

Though aware that he has many bitter enemies, he rarely travels with a guard. Occasionally he dances—always with common folk. Otherwise, he spends his time discovering what needs to be done.

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PHOTOS BY HENLE FROM BLACK STAR

MONUMENT to the revolution, ultra-patriotic yet built by gringo engineers. Cardenas hopes his policies will be as permanent

HER DOG was her pride and joy. Yet she offered him to the photographer for thirty cents

Guided by the Revolution's Six Year Plan, he has begun to fulfill old promises to return Mexico to the Indian. In the strongholds of those who "have," the Revolution is not popular. Spaniards and the remnants of a foreign aristocracy watch the government confiscate their wealth, and smolder at the gall of "the Indian," Cardenas. American industrialists, who haven't been back to the U. S. in 10 years, storm in vain and demand that Washington send marines down to protect their property from "the communist," Cardenas. English financial interests are "outrageously" shoved aside.

But Cardenas isn't interested in these foreign claims. In 1500, he says, all Mexican land belonged to the Indians. From 1500 to 1910 that land was stolen from them by foreigners without compensation. Cardenas does not recognize the period from 1500 to 1910. As far as he's concerned, all land in Mexico still belongs to the Indians!

Toward industry, he is equally straightforward. We mean to raise the standard of living, he says, and unions can do it better than government decrees. If foreign interests won't recognize our workers and their right to high wages, then let them hand over their investments and we'll take care of them ourselves. This does not mean that Cardenas wants to drive out foreign capital. On the contrary, he needs it badly and knows that new capital can come only from abroad. What he opposes are foreigners coming in and exploiting Mexico.

It is here that Cardenas faces his greatest problem. The success of the Six Year Plan, and through it, the Revolution, depends upon his agricultural program. To make it work requires financing. But to get that money, Cardenas must win the backing of private business. Naturally, this group opposes Cardenas' labor policy and has shown a certain unwillingness to help in government financing. But Cardenas realizes that to give in to financial interests means to sabotage the Plan. And if he gave in, he would lose the support of the now-strong labor unions, and stand on brittle ground.

THIS is especially true now that conservatives have found a new and powerful leader in Saturnino Cedillo, who split with Cardenas and retired to his home state of San Luis Potosi, where he is a dictator. Considered by Cardenas so dangerous that a government aviation school in San Luis Potosi was closed lest it fall into Cedillo's hands, the latter has a well-armed illegal private army of 15,000 men, several airplanes and a modern system of field communications. Conservatives are looking to him.

Cardenas must therefore watch his army. Under him, the importance of the army has shrunk. Money which used to pay generals now finances educational reforms. Already there is grumbling below the surface. If a Cedillo won the army away from Cardenas, Cardenas would very much need the workers. Of this he is quite aware. The example of Spain is very close. He has already armed workers and peasants.

This dilemma—financing agriculture while holding the support of the workers—may force Cardenas to take a step from which he has repeatedly shied. Mexico is not communistic today, nor is Cardenas a communist. But to gain the capital necessary to build the new Mexico, he may have to go the whole hog and substitute government ownership for the present system of government control over private wealth. If this happens, Cardenas will probably lose recognition by the United States; it would stagger Cardenas and the Revolution and lead to Cardenas' turning to Russia for support. Until such a crisis occurs, however, it is certain that Cardenas will have no truck with Stalin.

Cardenas has also faced the "religious issue." Since 1910, the National Revolutionary Party has tried to destroy the power of the hierarchy of the Mexican Catholic Church. Up to the time of the Revolution, this wealthy power often guided and controlled the government.

The hierarchy's power was broken, but Cardenas inherited the tail end of the struggle. Opposition to organized religion, however, has recently eased off. The large cathedrals are open again. Freedom of worship, speech, press, and assembly probably exists today to a greater extent than ever before.

By naming his own baby son Cuahutemoc, after the last Aztec emperor, Cardenas symbolized the revolutionary ideal that began in 1910. To Cardenas, Mexico is Indian. Through Cardenas, it will once again be ruled by the Indian. This is the Revolution, and this is Cardenas. One is the other, and both today are Mexico.

—*Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.*

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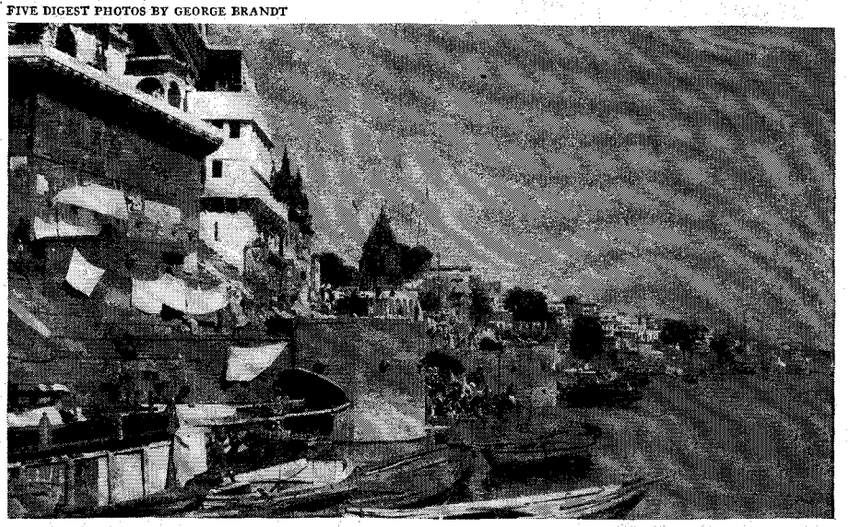
WORLD CRUISE

CEYLON elephants are natural clowns as well as good beasts of burden

FIVE DIGEST PHOTOS BY GEORGE BRANDT

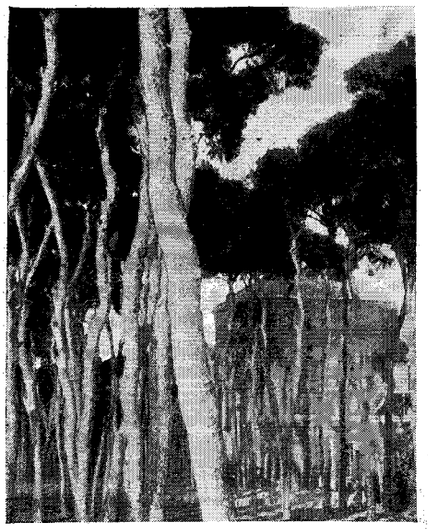


BENARES on the Ganges, holy Hindu city

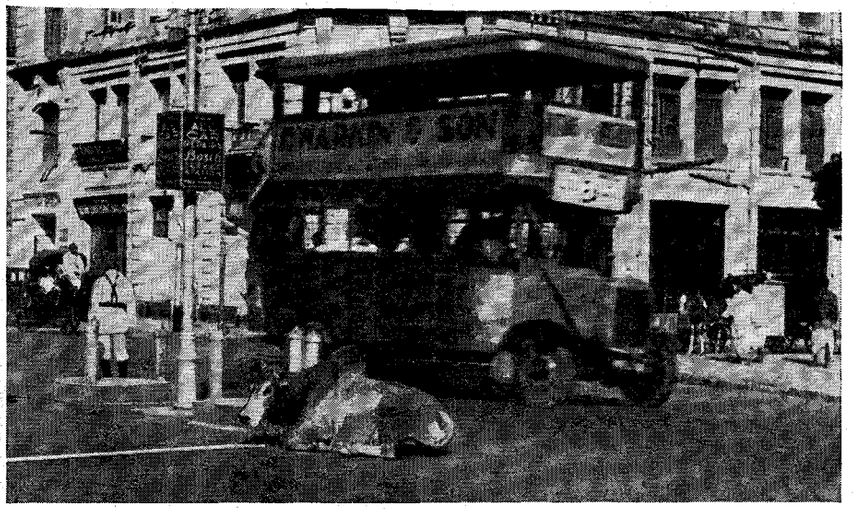
GENDREAU

ISTANBUL viewed from the waters of the Golden Horn

IN CALCUTTA, Bengal Lancers parade; a sacred cow ignores traffic



IN SYRIA, near Beirut, one still finds Cedars of Lebanon of Biblical fame



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THREE PHOTOS FROM GENDREAU

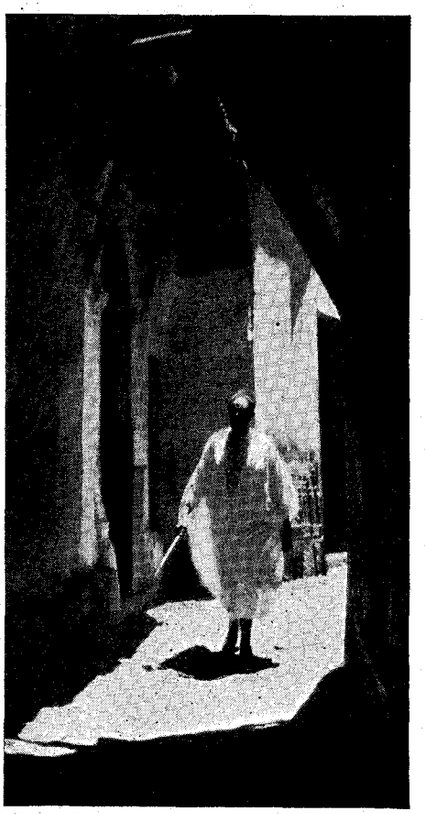
NAPLES, mecca of tourists, where the new crowds the old in its blue harbor

THERE can't be much wrong with prosperity when people are rushing for passports and visas in unprecedented numbers—many of them planning to be away for months on around-the-world tours. About 4500 long-cruise passengers spent six million dollars in 1936, and all signs point toward a 20 per cent increase in 1937. For the first time super-liners will be used for cruising. The new trend in schedules is toward the South Sea Islands, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, and the Malay Archipelago.

SUMATRA'S market girls, Dutch East Indies

EWING GALLOWAY

BALI natives are simple, friendly folk, but they bargain sharply over their beautiful Malay wares



ALGIERS: A typical street in the Arab quarter of a city dazzling white

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PRO — *RIGHT AND WRONG*

IT'S RIGHT! ***to grant easy death, assert these authorities***

THIS acceleration is described by adverse critics as the act of "a rebel rushing unbidden into the realm of the spirits." But there is no rebellion; on the contrary, there is entire submission. The doomed man knows that the sentence of death has been passed upon him by his Maker, and he submits to it without murmuring. He has received his call to another world, and he hastens to obey it. It may, indeed, be said that he makes too much haste; but certainly too great eagerness to comply cannot be called rebellion. There are some diseases of a very formidable character, concerning which a physician will admit that it is an equal chance if an operation will cure or kill. The disease will slay (say) in three months, the operation may slay in a week. No one would say the patient had been guilty of rebellion because he chose to have the operation performed, and died under it, even though he thereby shortened his life by eleven weeks. Why then, when there is no chance of a cure, should not the fatal issue be anticipated?

— Anonymous in
Euthanasia—An Abstract of Arguments

IF IT is right to relieve pain and suffering by the use of morphia or other analgesic remedies, which act by abolishing, for a time, the consciousness of pain, then it would seem to be right also, at the request of the sufferer, to abolish the consciousness of pain permanently, in cases in which it will inevitably recur until the patient dies of exhaustion. The alternative lies between allowing the patient to die gradually from the effects of prolonged suffering, or by granting his request to end his life in a more humane and painless manner.

—C. J. Bond

IF IT be human impertinence to accelerate, for charitable reasons, the manifest purpose of a lethal affliction, it is likewise presumptuous to intervene between a batch of God-sent microbes and their natural consequences.

Whatever the merits of the various doctrines of immortality, the subject is hardly suited for legislative prohibitions. Whether the soul roasts in Tartarus or basks in Elysium, reincarnates into an Indian locust or perishes ignominiously, it is still difficult to believe that prolonged residence in a cancerous or tubercular body can deflect spiritual destination or imperil the salvation of grieftorn relatives. Thus it appears that, aside from the surviving prejudices of a bigoted age, no plausible reason exists against enabling physicians to extend to human beings the ordinary kindness accorded to glandered mules and moribund cats. After all, until the state finds a means of officially assuming the deathbed agonies of hopelessly afflicted citizens, it cannot logically deny the private right to die.

—Anthony Turano in
American Mercury

AS REGARDS the ethical aspects I feel strongly that there is no real moral or religious objection. It is quite right and proper that the state should allow an individual who is certified to be suffering from an incurable, fatal and painful disease to anticipate inevitable death, if he so desires, and to substitute a quick and painless ending for one which, it is no exaggeration to say, in many cases amounts to a prolonged agony and torture. I cannot believe that a beneficent Providence wills that the physical sufferings of humanity in the process of dying should be unnecessarily prolonged.

—R. F. Rattray

ACME

DR. M. A. WARRINER claimed to have committed a mercy killing

NATIONAL betrayal is a worse thing than war, and we rightly honor those who lay down their lives for their country. The philanthropist, the scientist, the doctor or the priest, or anyone else, for that matter, who gives his life for the sake of others is never regarded as a criminal, but as a hero. It is quite certain, therefore, that there are occasions when the surrender of one's life is a great and noble act. What determines its high ethical quality is the motive that underlies the surrender of it. Euthanasia should be viewed from this standpoint. If this were done, many of the difficulties which surround it would be overcome. To consent to death in order to escape from pain or difficulty may be cowardly, but to consent in order that others may be relieved of the pain of anxiety, of long-drawn-out watching and attention, lifts the matter into an entirely different plane.

—Francis R. C. Payne

SENTIMENTAL prejudices should not stand in the way of civilization. It is my opinion that not only incurables, but kidnapers, murderers, habitual criminals of all kinds, as well as the hopelessly insane, should be quietly and painlessly disposed of.

—Alexis Carrel

IT SEEMS anomalous that a man may be punished for cruelty if he does not put a horse or a dog "out of its misery," but is liable to be hanged for murder if he helps a cancer patient to an overdose of morphia. I confess that in this instance I cannot resist the arguments for a modification of the traditional Christian law. I do not think that we can assume that God wills the prolongation of torture for the benefit of the soul of the sufferer.

—W. R. Inge in
Christian Ethics and Modern Problems

THE MOST horrible thing in the world, for us living and sentient beings, is inexorable suffering, and we must be barbarous, or stupid, or both at once not to use the sure and easy means at our disposal to bring it to a quick and painless end.

—Berlioz

ONE MEETS with cases from time to time when the principle that it is one's essential duty to prolong life appears to be out of keeping with what one would wish to be done to oneself under similar circumstances, if one were suffering continually and severely. . . . Several such cases immediately come to my mind where one has felt the position acutely. I remember how several of these each day begged to be freed from the intolerable position. The subject of euthanasia does force itself to the mind of every practitioner as a practical proposition as well as an abstract conception.

—Astley V. Clarke

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OF MERCY KILLING — CON

IT'S WRONG! ***to take human life ever, say these leaders***

DOCTORS on whom would fall most of the responsibility for administering the *coup de grace,* should euthanasia become general and legal, are perhaps the least enthusiastic advocates, not from lack of sympathy but because they know better than does the public the sinister possibilities attendant on the giving of increased licenses to the less reputable members of their profession.

—Harry Roberts in *The Living Age*

IF PHYSICIANS were possessed of all possible knowledge concerning diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis, and if they were invariably and absolutely honest, such supermen—to prevent suffering of patients and economic loss to society—might conceivably have the right to kill.

With reference to mental diseases and deformities, I believe society has a right, under proper regulations, to practice sterilization to prevent breeding inferior individuals, but to go so far as to permit euthanasia is to place a weapon in the hands of men not all of whom are as yet honest enough and intelligent enough to know where and when to use it.

—H. S. Cummings

MAN SEEMS obsessed to use killing as an antidote. Outlaw one form of inducing death and another arises. Only when the race realizes that, no matter how disguised, killing is a primitive impulse, to be outgrown like any other form of inadequacy, will killing, as a social program for anything, receive its general quietus.

So, as to this new death ideal, it is not only that judgment is not always definitive on incurables and it is not only that private advantage might be taken of the legalizing of such death-dealing, nor is it only a doubt of the effect upon the administrators themselves of this act of mercy.

No, primarily it is not even these considerations. With euthanasia as with suicide, it is, in a word, that we are largely ignorant both of ourselves and of our state.

—Zona Gale in *Forum*

SYMPATHIZERS with the cause of euthanasia hold it wrong to permit intense suffering to continue, if the sufferer cannot be helped and wishes to die. This is always put forward as a practical social doctrine, as against the mere obstructiveness of obscurantist morality. Hence we would invite attention to the social preëminence and the high stamina of some of the groups which have practiced killing, not for punishment but for social convenience. Sparta perished utterly from the face of the earth; Athens could not withstand Rome; Rome could not withstand the barbarians, and was salvaged solely through the sustaining power of the Catholic Church.

—*The Commonweal*

THE DOCTOR who deliberately causes death prematurely, even for the purpose of relieving a patient of suffering, is guilty of manslaughter or murder. Whether the law should legalize the causing of premature death is a matter

PAUL THOMPSON

G. K. CHESTERTON accused mercy death advocates of selfish aims

for legislative determination. Legislation of this character would certainly call for the appointment of an official board to pass on applications for permission to be killed. The medical profession is hardly called on to pass on the inherent social, economic, and political consideration and to judge the situation as a whole.

—William Creighton

THE MOMENT a refined, respectable gentleman realizes that he might want to kill somebody, he jumps to the conclusion that this person ought to be killed. The fact that Aunt Jane is obviously a nuisance, that Uncle William is becoming a terrible bore, that Cousin Hildebrand stands between us and the really sensible family solution, is beginning to look more and more like a real reason for doing them in. That is why some are proposing what is called euthanasia; at present only a proposal for killing those who are a nuisance to themselves; but soon to be applied progressively to those who are a nuisance to other people. As it applies by hypothesis to an almost moribund or partially paralyzed person, the decision will presumably rest with the other people.

Is it not time we reasserted the principle, known to primitive man, that the things we desire to do are the things we may be restrained in doing; and it is because we are all criminals that we had better be discouraged from crime?

—G. K. Chesterton in *The American Review*

ANY DYING person is emotional and not responsible for what he says. If he recovers, his attitude is entirely different.

I deplore the publicity that recent euthanasia cases have received and I feel that no editor would feature these extremely morbid stories if they had been in his own family. It is very unhealthy for American psychology.

—Morris Fishbein in *Time*

IF WE should follow the heroic prescription of euthanasia we would have to apply it to a few million human beings now living and then continue this process of elimination as occasion would demand. Judging by the enormous number of hospital patients and prison inmates, we would have to have a permanent commission of expert physicians, psychiatrists, and criminologists, whose duty it would be to pronounce who is physically, mentally, and morally incurable; and another sort of commission to put their judgment into execution. The advocates of euthanasia are actuated by nothing but philanthropic motives when they maintain that if we carried out their suggestions we would soon have a society of super-people —physical, intellectual, and moral giants.

However, even superficial consideration readily shows numerous weak spots in this reasoning. Thus, physicians generally agree that it is quite impossible to say who is absolutely incurable. Some of the most hopeless diseases of the past century are now curable; and as to insanity, I doubt whether any experienced psychiatrist would dare pronounce a patient incurable.

Merciful killing, no matter how humanely applied, would demoralize society. Like war and capital punishment, it would revive the dormant sadism and destroy the sacredness of human life.

—A. A. Brill

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

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Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Rome–Berlin Bluff

From "Business Week"

ITALIAN and German ambitions will always clash. Germany dreams of expansion into Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary. This would make a great German nation of nearly 100,000,000 on the very borders of Italy. Written plainly into the nazi handbook, but not mentioned during the Mussolini visit, is the German dream of recovering all territory in which German populations live. This includes the southern Tyrol, which was given to Italy after the War, and which would bring Germany to the Adriatic. Even Mussolini doesn't relish the idea of 100,000,000 Germans at his back door, sailing their ships through the Adriatic to "Our Sea." If there must be a partner in the Mediterranean, Britain is preferable, because British ambitions are clearly understood and they need not clash with Italy's.

There is no question that Rome and Berlin can be an important nuisance to Britain, and this is behind the recent meeting in Germany. Rome and Berlin will maintain ties just close enough to be a threat to London, but not so close but that each is free to bargain alone with the British.

London and Rome are going to get together before the end of October. They will talk about freedom of movement for both in the Mediterranean, about relations between Italian Ethiopia and British Africa, about Spain, and about the situation in Arabia.

Italy will wave the threat of the German alliance in front of the British, but Britain will make some concessions (much more generous than they would have been a few years ago), will offer credit facilities in London, and an understanding on Africa, but will demand in return liquidation of the Spanish affair, and an end of threats in the Mediterranean. There is likely to be some accord and soon. Rome is genuinely concerned over British rearmament.

The turn in Europe really came with Britain's decision to rearm on a scale which frightened every potential enemy. First stand on this new strength came a few weeks ago at Nyon. It called Italy's bluff. There are reports in London this week that the government is ready now to force priority for rearmament orders over routine business. This means that London intends to go ahead with the program which is once more giving force to her demands for the observance of international law.

England is no longer swayed by the Communist bogy which Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo profess is behind their campaigns. London was credulous until Italy cleaned up in Ethiopia and set out in Spain, until Japan pushed its China conquest south of the Great Wall and into the heart of British trade zones far from any contact with bolshevism.

Neville Chamberlain has made it plain that he intends to weaken the Rome-Berlin axis. Overtures to Berlin have made no progress. With Rome, there is now hope for success.

Europe's war tensions have eased considerably in the last few weeks. War programs go ahead; so does business.

Weather Names

From the "Taylor-Rochester"

WE ARE all aware, no doubt, that natural features, both geologic and geographic, have prompted many a title for places of interest. How about climate and weather in like regard?

Louisiana and Mississippi have a Sun. Florida and Kansas have Sun City. The word enters into such combinations as Sunlight, West Virginia; Sunbeam, Colorado; and Sunbright, Tennessee. Oklahoma has Sunkist; and California, Sunland. Sun Prairie is found in two states, and Sun River in one. "Sunny" appears in several names, Alabama claiming the most comprehensive, geographically, in a post office called Sunny South. Kentucky and Minnesota have Sunrise, and Virginia possesses the variant style, Sun Rise. Sunset is the name of six widely separated places.

The heat of the sun evaporates water, and water vapor forms clouds. What do we find in this regard? Virginia has Cloud, and Tennessee, Clouds. Cloudy is the name of a place in Oklahoma. Kansas and Michigan boast of White Cloud; Nebraska has a Red Cloud. These are doubtless names of Indian origin. Combinations with other words are Cloudland, Georgia, and Cloudcroft, New Mexico.

What do clouds produce? In Utah we find Rains, and in Kentucky, Snow. Arizona, too, has Snowflake. Arkansas, California, and Oregon all record Mist, but no state registers Drizzle. Sometimes storms are rather violent. We find Hail, Kentucky; Tornado, West Virginia; and Gale, Illinois. Years ago there was a post office in Tennessee called Hurricane Mills, but it cannot be found in the list now. Lightning Flat is found in Wyoming, and Good Thunder in Minnesota. Georgia boasts of a Thunderbolt.

If the atmospheric disturbances are somewhat less pronounced, we may find

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AROUND THE WORLD

Windy in Alaska, Kentucky, and West Virginia.

Haze is not to be found, even if West Virginia has a Hazy office. We discover neither Fog nor Foggy, nor is Dew recorded, at least in the simple form of the word. Kentucky, however, has a place called Dewdrop.

War Over a Stamp

From "Army and Navy Register"

WITH wars to the east of us and wars to the west of us, they are now trying to hatch one out to the south of us. Controversies over the boundaries between Central American states have ever been the order of the day down there, and they have taken an amazing toll of lives over the years.

Nicaragua has issued a new postage stamp on which a map of that country has been engraved. It includes a small strip of land on the northern border which the Hondurans insist belongs to them, and for which they appear to be willing to fight, if necessary.

The two countries are threatening each other over the issue and the affair has grown so serious that it is engaging the attention of the other countries of Central America.

Costa Rica has taken the lead in offering good offices in the settlement of the dispute. She is enlisting the services of San Salvador, Guatemala and Panama with a view to arbitrating the points at issue.

The incident serves to illustrate how easy it is to start a war between two countries. It is probable that the land involved in the controversy is jungle country and of no great value either to Honduras or to Nicaragua.

It is also probable that the question would never have come up at all had it not been for the small scrap of paper we call a postage stamp.

Shanghai Cabaret Girl

From "Philippine Magazine"

By Marc T. Greene

THE long flight of the Whites into exile after the Russian revolution brought into the Far East a strange medley of humanity. The younger folk, especially the girls, sought Shanghai, for in Shanghai it is possible to live by the wits, as many do today. Moreover, among these outcast girls were former Russian dancers, dancers of the Royal Ballet, some of them, cabaret attachés of the gay restaurants of Petersburg, once the liveliest city in Europe, courtesans and harlots of every grade from former mistresses of Grand Dukes down to street girls of Moscow and even of Tomsk and Irkutsk.

The dancers, the singers, the cabaret girls introduced the Continental cabaret to the East. And Russian femininity, some of its charm restored as its apprehensions were removed and a measure of economic security achieved, made that institution a feature of the life of Shanghai and of most of the ports of the East. In jaded Shanghai, ever on the alert for a new sensation, much addicted to the pleasures of the senses, the voluptuous Russian girl was an immediate success.

Not all of them sought the cabarets, of course, for there were some, usually daughters of poorer merchants, who had in many cases seen their parents killed at their sides, to whom the cabaret life seemed no more than a descent into immorality and who labored at shocking wages in the great stores of Shanghai rather than parade their charms.

During the lush period between 1920 and 1930 the Shanghai cabaret girl, especially if she possessed unusual charm, easily made as much as $75 a week without bartering her attractions to any greater extent than dancing with strangers for pay. She was a "dancing partner" working on commission from eight or nine in the evening until daylight or thereabouts. Half the proceeds of the dance tickets went to her, likewise a large percentage on abominable liquors sold at fantastic prices.

Thus she lived for three or four years and then, probably having indulged herself a good deal, began to fade. The first suggestion of waning charm, either in appearance, wit, or sprightliness, was the commencement of the downward path. That path many have followed in Shanghai as, if you have been much there and observed closely, you must readily have seen—seen and pitied.

The Russian girl is no longer greatly in evidence in the entertainment places of the China coast. The young Russian women now seek other pursuits.

Boxers' Heads

From "The Week's Science"

By E. E. Free

BOXING bouts are ideal experiments for doctors interested in what the human skull and brain can stand, according to Dr. C. E. Winterstein and Dr. E. Guttmann, of Guy's Hospital, London. People will not ordinarily let an experimenter pound their heads until they drop unconscious. In industrial or other accidents there usually are no reliable witnesses. At a boxing bout each boxer's head gets pounded a certain number of times in front of experienced and competent observers. There even may be motion-picture records.

Applying this idea, Dr. Winterstein and Dr. Guttmann have examined about fifty professional boxers at various times during their careers. The results show that

CARTOON OF THE WEEK
—Arizona Republic, Phoenix

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Yes, let's look at the record.—*Daily News, New York*

few escape brain damage. The permanent condition called "punch drunk," well-known to boxing experts, affects both body and mind. This seldom results from any one blow, but follows repeated blows and many fights, probably because of many burst blood vessels and tiny blood clots scattered through the brain.

This and other mental results of pounded skulls are especially noticeable in memory. Even one blow may ruin the memory for hours, the London doctors having records of many boxers unable to remember what happened for hours after a severe fight, although they seemed at the time to be quite normal, as though the faculty of memory were dislocated temporarily from the rest of the mind. Such failures of memory are suspected by Dr. Winterstein of having induced many promising boxers to think of retiring, including the American former champion, Gene Tunney.

Soviet Secret Service

From "Russia 20 Years After"

By Victor Serge

UP TO 1934 the G.P.U. [secret police] applied the death penalty widely, pronounced by secret commissions upon the reports of examining magistrates, without hearing the accused. It can no longer inflict penalties of more than five years of incarceration. It has at its disposal, therefore, deportation, the concentration camps, prisons, and the "solitaries." It sits in secret, its composition is secret, it decides the fate of the accused without having him appear before it, it admits no defense attorneys, it furnishes no explanation to the accused or his relations, its decisions are practically irrevocable. During the entire duration of the penalty it exercises an absolute power over the condemned. In cases where the Secret Service deems the penalty of five years to be inadequate, the accused, since 1934, are turned over to the Special Colleges of the People's Tribunals and the Revolutionary Tribunals.

The Special Colleges of the tribunals are composed of three judges appointed by the party committees. Sitting in judgment behind closed doors, they decide whether defense counsel is admitted or not. Up to now, so far as I know, they have never admitted it in political cases; the accused is heard, the witnesses are cited, a formal procedure is strictly observed.

The general opinion is that the verdicts pronounced by these tribunals are much more severe than the purely administrative verdicts of the Secret Service. Most frequently, they vary from five to ten years of internment in a concentration camp.

Here are a few typical cases:

A worker in charge of maintaining the reading-room of his factory goes to a store to get some placards. He laughingly refuses the portraits of Stalin and Kalinin that are to be seen everywhere. "I've enough of those heads, give me something else." He is arrested shortly thereafter, accused of throwing discredit upon the leaders of the party (counter-revolutionary agitation), turned over to the special tribunal. Six years of internment.

In a factory dining-room where sausage has been served for several successive days, a worker asks banteringly if he is going to be made to "eat up the whole Budenny cavalry." . . . Indicted for anti-Soviet agitation and sent to a concentration camp.

At Orenburg, on November 7, 1935, communist deportees—Stalinists for the most part; that is, those having abjured dissident opinions that they had once held or that were once imputed to them—come together to celebrate the October Revolution. The metal worker, Alexis Santalov, of Leningrad, an oppositionist who did not abjure—a very aggravating circumstance—flies into a passion and speaks of the "bureaucratic scoundrels."

Denounced by a stool pigeon present, he is condemned to five years of internment and is sent to the Karagnada concentration camp. The typographical worker Ivanov, of Leningrad, and his wife, having abjured, are each given only three years of the same penalty for having heard the remarks without reporting them the very next day.

The arrests usually take place at night, occasionally in the daytime, but by surprise, so as to pass off unperceived and to remain secret. Families have great difficulty in finding the vanished person in prison; they do not always succeed.

As a rule, no visit of relations is authorized during the investigation, which always takes place in absolute secrecy. The prisoner may be kept in a cell for months on end without reading matter of any kind, without walking around, without extra food. I underwent this regimen in Moscow for three months.

Once in the toils of the Secret Service, a person is well aware that he will never get out of them, or not for a dozen years, anyway. The revolutionists and genuine non-conformists will never get out. (Hillman-Curl, $2.50)

Machines for Fools

From "The New York Times"

ONE of the world's most unusual museums, where the custodians invite visitors to operate all manner of machines and be as clumsy as they can about it, has just celebrated its tenth birthday. Skilled operators of clothes pressers are positively encouraged to try to smooth out one last wrinkle before the press comes down; cooks are challenged to get their hands inside cake mixers before the sinister revolving steel arms stop moving.

"Suppose they try offering 100,000 cannon balls to the person who will give information concerning the torpedoing in the Mediterranean."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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If visitors fail to deliver the required degree of clumsiness, the museum staff shows them how, for the safety devices in the Home Office Industrial Museum are known to be absolutely foolproof. If they were not, casualties would be tremendous, for each type of machine on exhibition has inflicted serious injury of some kind in industry.

The museum is a kind of training school for Great Britain's factory inspectors, each of whom is required to take a course at regular intervals in the safety methods devised in recent years to reduce the heavy toll of factory accidents.

To the casual visitor, deeply impressed by the ease with which a finger or hand can be lopped off, the way a Home Office inspector deliberately does everything the dangerous way provides a rare thrill. For this correspondent he first tried to thrust his hand under a descending power press. An automatic grid shot out like a kicking gate and jolted him back.

He tried to jam his fingers under another power press, but a rubber-sheathed guard leaped out and pushed his arm aside. On others guards simply refused to allow him to place his hand near the press—he could not wriggle even a finger past them.

Science Tackles the Psychic

From "New Frontiers of the Mind"

By J. B. Rhine

A BANKER in a western state whose father was living in Alsace went to his office one morning and told the assembled board of directors the following story:

The evening before, about 8 o'clock, he had picked up Willa Cather's *Death Comes to the Archbishop*. As he read, tears came to his eyes, and he was overcome by uncontrollable weeping. This seemed strange, as he had not been so moved when he read the book the first time. He then remembered that the only other time he had wept since childhood had been at the death of his mother. He thought it might mean that his father had died, though he had no reason to imagine that there was any special danger of that happening. Nevertheless, he made a notation of the exact time this conviction came over him. It was 8:10.

After relating the experience to his board of directors he wrote to his son, in another city, telling him about it and giving his own interpretation. When, later, he was notified of the death of his father and learned the exact time, he found that, with proper correction for longitudinal differences, the day was the same and the time within a quarter-hour of his notation of the experience.

In this case the evidence for spontaneous knowledge of an event happening thousands of miles away in Alsace is excellent. It is extremely difficult to doubt all the persons and papers involved. It is hard to suppose that there was some unconsciously used source of information, a recognition that at a certain season of the year a fatal illness might be likely to occur, or that the celebration of a particular occasion—an anniversary or birthday—might have proved too much for the father.

In this, as in so many other cases that could be cited, it seems almost, if not entirely, impossible to find any reasonable way to avoid facing the idea that somehow the mind does sometimes traverse space and grasp things which the senses cannot perceive. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50)

Dollars to doughnuts they don't both make the turn.—*New York Herald Tribune*

Europe's Minute Men

From "If War Comes"

By R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot

TODAY as never before is the civilian, willynilly, an active cog in the national defense. The modern trend of armaments, the speed and penetrative power of air forces and of mechanization, catapults red war into every home. Today in Europe—tomorrow perhaps in the United States—there exists a most peculiar situation, comparable most aptly to that of the pioneer who tilled his soil with long rifle athwart the plow handles. Alert ears are attuned to the droning motors of the air, instead of the equally heart-chilling war whoop: that is the only difference.

It is interesting to note that the United States was the first nation to seek ways and means to bring about industrial mobilization. Other nations followed suit. Germany has today what is probably the most complete active setup for "The Nation at War." In her frontier "barrier-areas," the inhabitants of the fortified villages are for the most part veterans, are all trained, organized, and equipped for anti-aircraft and anti-tank defense. Could one ask for a more complete personification of the "Minute Man" concept?

What is going on in Germany is going on to a greater or lesser extent in all

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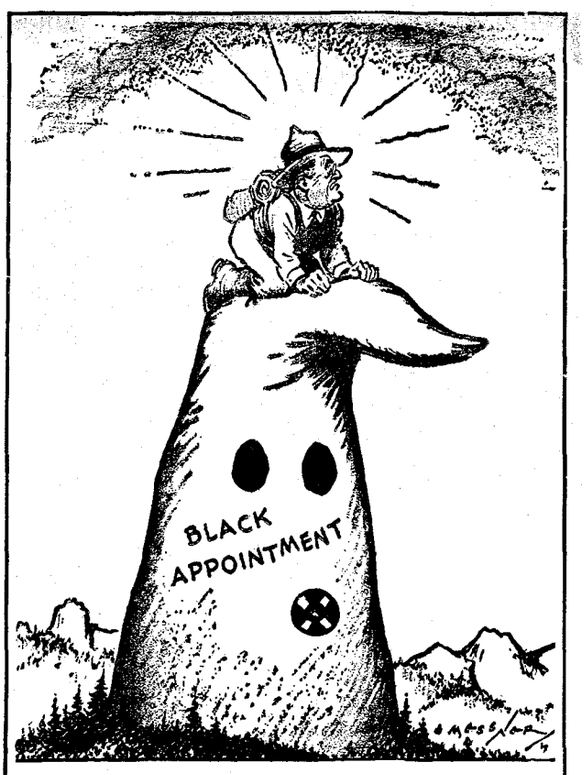

Marooned on Shiva Temple.
—The Rochester Times-Union

countries of Continental Europe. The subject of anti-tank defense brings up the necessity for immediate local action to oppose a hostile mechanized thrust. If war comes, the inhabitants of frontier towns and other communities on the enemy's route must perforce be hurled into action to make barriers. Felled trees, smashed culverts, road demolition, are all essential antimechanization defenses. Every second is precious. Common agricultural tools, as well as the ordinary machinery for road repair, must be utilized. The local men must do the job—are trained for it, now.

There may be no time for donning uniforms. But what will happen to the European "Minute Man" who exerts military force either by manning an anti-aircraft gun or destroying roads—both equally and indubitably overt acts against an armed enemy?

The answer, as always, must be—*Vae victis,* Woe to the vanquished! (Macmillan, $3.00)

Western Doctor

From "Doctors on Horseback"

By James Thomas Flexner

THE *Western Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences* was the first medical periodical to become established beyond the Alleghenies. Until Dr. Daniel Drake recognized their plight, the western doctors had no way of keeping up to date, since the eastern journals were too erudite for their comprehension. Naturally his journal circulated only on the frontier, but in that huge region it was the oracle which every doctor consulted.

Traveling in the packs of the pony express, carried on snowshoes to the far north, the *Western Journal* was read in log cabins while wolves or coyotes howled outside. Often the uneven glow of a campfire flickered across its pages. And the moccasined doctors of the wilderness, who had never seen a medical school or read a text not fifty years behind the times, stared at Drake's journal with amazement that so much was known of which they had never dreamed.

Backswoodsmen whose arrow wounds had festered or who were stricken with mysterious fevers, pioneer housewives writhing in abnormal pregnancy, all these had cause to bless Daniel Drake that their physicians could consult the dog-eared pages of the *Western Journal* and apply the newest scientific technique there in the shadow of the pre-Adamite forest.

Drake wrote most of the magazine himself. Himself a hypochondriac, he was better able than most of his contemporaries to point out the relation between states of mind and of the body.

Once an obscure lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, wrote, asking what to do about fits of melancholia. "I cannot prescribe in your case without a personal interview," Drake replied.

The Ohio College, which had taken his enemy, Dr. John Moorhead, into the faculty, had remained an insignificant school without scientific standing. Drake returned to his old pugnacity and intrigued continually to force a reorganization that would put him in the saddle. Naturally, the faculty had difficulty in distinguishing him from the devil.

At the beginning of every session all the professors sat around a large table while the students made the circuit, handing each one individually his fee. One year Moorhead received six hundred dollars. He tied the mass of silver coins up in a bandanna handkerchief, and, very pleased with himself, set out for the bank.

On the way he came face to face with Drake, who stopped him and shouted that he was a thief extorting money under false pretenses, since he was incapable of teaching anyone medicine. In fact, he was a murderer; his pupils would certainly kill all their patients. The Irishman's square-jowled face darkened with the slow anger of a bull, and then suddenly he saw red.

Whipping the heavy bundle of coins back over his shoulder, he brought it down on Drake's head with all the force he could command. Drake fell as if shot, and Moorhead walked ponderously on, leaving the West's greatest physician lying unconscious in the street. (Viking Press, $2.75)

Our Mythical Progress

From "So You Think It's New"

By Wilfred J. Funk

HUNDREDS of details of our present civilization were commonplace thousands of years ago. Egyptians, for instance, framed their pictures with glass covers over them. Asbestos threads were used by the ancients for fireproof clothing. Felt hats are too old to date. And the astigmatic Nero was so ultra-modern that he even wore a monocle at the games, like a French count. Mosquito nets, also, are mentioned in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament.

So, once upon a time the banks closed on you, did they? Well, Tiberius loaned five million dollars to the banks of Rome almost two thousand years ago to keep them solvent.

Kidnaping? Julius Caesar was snatched at the age of twenty-five and held for $40,000 ransom.

Elevators? Nero, Emperor of Rome, had one 120 feet high, and a self-playing organ, too, which was run by means of compressed air.

Movies? They had them in far-off Greece. Pictures were painted on pillars in progressive fashion, the idea being to ride by them on horseback and thus get the effect of "motion." Then some smart inventor devised a better method. He

All of his eggs in one basket.—*The Louisville Times*

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painted a series of pictures in a spiral sequence on a single revolving pillar. This was spun by a rope and thus the audience enjoyed the first cinema.

The Barber Shop Quartet? Singing "Sweet Adeline" in the bathroom is a hoary vice. Says Petronius of one prize drunk: "Presently, feeling tired, he sat down, and being tempted by the resonance of the bathroom . . . began murdering some of Menecrates' songs."

Dog races? They were rat races, in Roman days, and a sausage was dragged in front of them instead of our mechanical rabbit.

These modern habits, practices, conveniences of ours, this shining civilization, the front-page headlines, after all, they seem a little tarnished by time, don't they? (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.00)

Cure Through Work

From "The Baltimore Sun"

By Aileen Shaw

OCCUPATIONAL therapy, or treatment through work and play, was used effectively in treating mental cases as far back as 2000 B. C. For many years, work, music, dramatics and play (both mental and physical) have been considered the most important part of the care of sick minds.

But only since the World War has occupational therapy come into its own in the treatment of sick bodies. The motions used in weaving, sewing, hammering and basketry were found to supply the right amount of exercise to injured legs, arms and backs. And the fascination of the work helped the wounded to forget their disabilities, and to regain a healthy mental attitude.

Since 1918 the use of occupational therapy has broadened to include the after-care of fractured bones, arthritis and paralysis in order to restore injured parts to their fullest possible use. And for heart and tubercular cases, carefully graded work is given to keep pace with the slow convalescence. The newly-blinded learn how much they can do without their eyes, and in the learning and the busyness lose some of their heart-shaking fear.

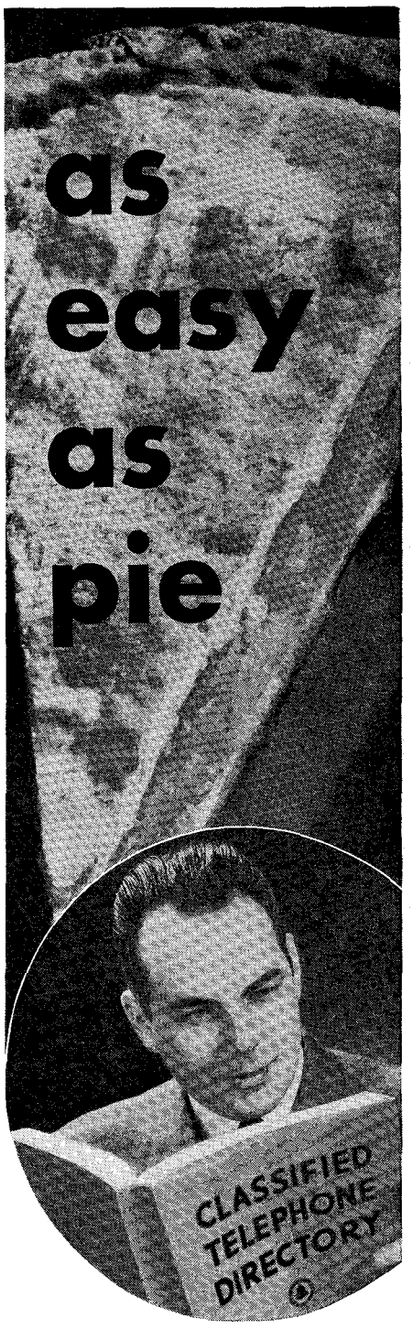
Here, as in several other cities, the Junior League has taken occupational therapy under its wing. In January, 1936, the league opened two demonstration units, one at the University Hospital and one at Johns Hopkins.

The chief work of the units is assisting in the cure of orthopedic and surgical cases. For instance, the young matron whose wrist was badly cut in an automobile accident found her wrist and fingers inflexible when they healed. She might never have regained the use of her right hand without occupational therapy. The elderly lady who broke her shoulder carried it in sling position when she first came to the workroom. Now she is doing a type of weaving that involves shoulder motion and the opening and shutting of a hand which at first was immovable.

Broken bones bring more people to the units than any other type of accident or illness. The long period in the cast causes a stiffness in the joint and laxness in the muscles that must be overcome if full use of the fractured part is to be regained. First use is difficult and painful, so that a fear and dread of motion develops. Except in people of rare will power this fear gains such control of the patient that, if left to his own devices, he soon ceases any attempts to use the injured part.

The workroom at Johns Hopkins is a businesslike place. Two long, heavily built tables fill the center of the floor, with a rug loom, a bicycle saw, an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine, and a small low table for children tucked into the bright corners of the room.

"Pirate or policeman? My heart is torn between two extremes."—*De Groene Amsterdammer*



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The bicycle saw is the most valuable piece of equipment, not in monetary terms, but in the results it brings for people with crippled legs and ankles. It has a bicycle-type seat and pedals, to which "skates" are attached to hold the foot if the patient's leg and foot are weak enough to need assistance. The seat is adjustable, so that the first work is done with very little knee bending, the seat being lowered as the leg becomes more flexible. The pedals operate a thin-bladed vertical saw which can cut wood and metal. The work is graded for the amount of resistance the patient's leg can stand by starting with soft wood, cut thin, and progressing to harder, thicker pieces and eventually to metal.

On the bicycle saw and also on the rug loom, additional resistance can be created by attaching springs. Everywhere in the workroom you see signs of the ingenuity required to fit the tools to individual cases.

The patients can see their own progress, but accurate measurements are made at regular intervals, to note the increasing flexibility.

Occupational therapy is still new enough to be looked on as experimental by some doctors, and yet, in 172 A. D., the Greek physician, Galen, wrote: "Employment is nature's best physician."

Autumn Slaughter

From "Good Housekeeping"
By Bob Considine

THERE are 616,000 high school football players in the country, but it is highly improbable that 1/1000th of their mothers have even the dimmest notion of what happens to their children when coaches tune and hone them to razor sharpness before a game.

It is a little shocking to realize that the chief neglecters of high-school football players have been their parents. A college student plays football of his own volition, far from parental supervision. A sandlotter is on his own, also. But the high-school boy, for the greater part, has a strict and binding tie with his father and mother.

Few parents stop to realize that there are sports and sports, and that football is the most scientifically savage of them all.

Football, particularly high-school football, needs the obvious criticisms of those countless thousands of parents who have never taken a part in the dangerous sports lives of their sons. The experts hit upon one brisk panacea after another, meant to cut down on deaths and injuries. They change rules and theorize on how the growing popularity of the lateral pass will "open up" the game and dissolve troubles. They paw over charts and diagrams.

A few thousand mothers, working either individually or through the Parent-Teacher groups, might in time be the semisalvation of high-school football. Certainly their injection into the scheme of

Engrave it on your gunsight.—*The Oregonian*

the game could do no harm. Everything else has failed. It would seem time to try the obvious—to work for:

1. Playing fields that are more than partly-sodded rockpiles.
2. A daily check on the team's physical condition by a doctor who has some appreciation of the structural strain of football.
3. Coaches who have been college players and who have had theory and practice in safety procedures.
4. The right of officials on the field to remove a distressed player.
5. A cut-down on head-on tackles, and more thorough training for halfbacks.
6. First-class equipment, particularly headgear, within the price reach of every school or individual.

Sandlot football needs sterner supervision. College football needs an even closer application to those painstaking principles which have cut down the college deaths from eight in 1931 to three last year. But high-school football, sorriest chapter in the sorriest book on American sporting life, needs all these things—and more. It needs a father and a mother.

Mortarboards Preferred

From "Printers' Ink"
By John K. Massey

THE notion persists among the general run of folk that advertising and youth go hand in glove. Hollywood had a lot to do with this notion, perhaps, just as Hollywood had a lot to do with creating the aureole of glory that hangs over a newspaper reporter in the popular imagination.

There is no doubt that advertising appeals strongly to young people, and that there is a sharp emphasis on youth among the agencies. But how young do agencies want their men? How much room is there in advertising for young men? What sort of young men are the agencies looking for?

Recently *Printers' Ink* conducted a survey on this problem to see whether there

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were any definite answers. We contacted about seventy-five agencies in New York.

We found most of the agency men glad to talk about education. Sixty-one of them had pretty pat ideas concerning college graduates. Sixteen agencies, and, incidentally, these were among the biggest, went in heavily for college men. Twenty-two of them, on the other hand, were as vigorously opposed to the A.B. Twenty-three others, although they made no hard-and-fast rule, thought somewhat vaguely that a college education was an important preparation for work in the agency field. But they were not so completely sold on the academy that they would exclude all candidates who didn't tote a diploma.

The most common prejudice in favor of college men was that college rounded a man culturally, and added to his creative value. This seems to mean that contacts with books, research methods, and the general information a man collects over four years, all contribute to his creative verve.

Wild Life Restoration

From "Cosmopolitan"
By Jay N. Darling

WHEN asked what interests me most in this cockeyed world, I must qualify the mere statement that it is hunting and fishing. It is more than that. It is a program of restoration which will again make real hunting and fishing perpetual, and at the same time recapture our eroding hillsides, polluted streams and man-made deserts, and bring them back to pleasant and useful purposes.

The precepts upon which wild-life restoration may be accomplished are simple enough. Among the precepts are: (1) Don't shoot more than you raise. (2) Ducks do not make their nests on fence posts. (3) Fish, with the exception of that exotic immigrant known as German carp, do not do their best in an environment predominated by sewage and sludge from industrial plants. (4) Most engineers who design our water-use programs have remained in ignorance of these facts. (5) There is plenty of opportunity to provide natural breeding of both fish and game without disrupting the profitable pursuit of industry and agriculture. (6) There aren't enough incubators in the world to supply the demand by artificial raising.

Watching John L. Lewis go by.—*The Louisville Times*

Diagnosis!—*San Francisco Chronicle*

NEW BONES FOR OLD

(Continued from page 17)

stiff knee-joint, which may be corrected afterward by fashioning a new "hinge" at the knee.

Ugly braces are no longer the fate of all children stunted and deformed by infantile paralysis; in selected cases it is possible to loop leg muscles under the tendons extending from the instep to the toes. This operation permits the child to get normal traction and gait. Dr. Allen Kanavel of Chicago has specialized in restoring function to the damaged hands of workmen hurt in industrial accidents, and has performed marvelous operations to restore crushed thumbs and forefingers to their former flexibility.

He particularly stresses the "re-education" of injured hands, and has created exercises that restore full function to hands that formerly would have been useless. Attempts have been made to manufacture a new forefinger from a shin fragment, but thus far only partial success has resulted. New toes, however, have been made.

Orthopedic surgeons are often asked, "What happens to those good Samaritans —shin, rib, and wing of the pelvis—the bones that are borrowed from? They do not suffer; being healthy, they fill in rapidly and become just as strong as ever.—*Henry Morton Robinson*

SKINNY?
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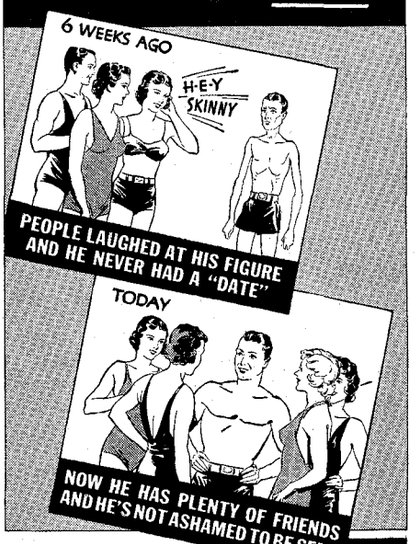
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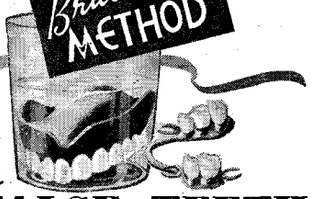

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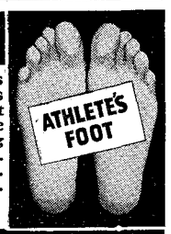

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RELIGION

Marriage after divorce

Whosoever putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery: and whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery.

—*St. Luke,* 16:18.

THIS WEEK, in Cincinnati, the learned bishops and lay experts of the Protestant Episcopal Church closed their fifty-second triennial convention with echoes of debate still ringing in their ears on a proposition which seldom has provided their placid reunions with such excitement.

The proposition, high light of a jam-packed program, was to add a new section to Canon 41, placing with certain very general restrictions complete authority on the divorce question in the hands of the individual bishop. Briefly, it would allow remarriage of a person divorced "for any cause by a civil court," after one year had elapsed, upon approval of the bishop.

For two weeks the House of Bishops and the House of Lay and Clerical Deputies had been plunged in bitter polemics over the issue, though it had been a foregone conclusion to church leaders that the measure never would pass.

The chief value of debate had been to thresh out one of the exacting problems facing the Anglican Communion in both America and the United States. Western bishops were in favor of remarriage after divorce. Eastern bishops were against it. This division of opinion was said to spread out among the 1,408,322 communicants in the country.

Overshadowing such vital topics as establishment of an Episcopal See with an archbishop at its head, and rehabilitation of missions, the divorce proposition was presented by the Rt. Rev. Herman Page, Bishop of Michigan, in his role as chairman of the church Commission on Marriage and Divorce.

His chief argument was that the trend in the civil courts today in tackling the problem was remedial rather than punitive, and that therefore it would be wise for the church to bring its laws in line so that they would be more workable in difficult cases.

Lined up in opposition was a formidable group represented in a manifesto signed by 1,300 clerics, said to number a fourth of all priests in the sect. Outstanding spokesman among them was Bishop William T. Manning, of New York.

To many of the 20,000 bishops, deputies, and other conventioneers at Cincinnati, the crux of the question lay in the age-old disputed interpretation of Christ's mind on remarriage after divorce. Did He merely state a mode of righteous conduct, or did He lay down an explicit law, as recorded in St. Luke, St. Paul, and St. Mark?

There are theologians who say that in this sole instance did He step out of his usual prophetic role to legislate. There are others who insist that this admonition is just as personal as directions about turning the other cheek.

Evidently the early church leaned to the latter view, for it soon was compelled to make allowances, in so-called difficult cases, as is shown by the clause in St. Matthew (5:32) making an exception to adultery:

"But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

This compromise with reality by the Eastern Orthodox and Roman churches was later adopted by Protestant sects.

FROM King Henry VIII to ex-King Edward VIII the divorce system has been a headache for the Anglican Communion. Immediately after breaking with Rome, in order to divorce fat Catherine of Aragon, Henry sought to put through matrimonial reforms for the people.

But he died before he could get Parliament to act, and in 1603 the new church forbade remarriage to divorced persons. For the next 254 years Britons obtained legal separations or, if they were rich enough, paid for costly annulments in Parliament. The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 set up a lay court to handle divorce—for adultery only.

To this ground for divorce A. P. Herbert, whose *Holy Deadlock* brought England to its senses, last summer got Parliament to add these causes for divorce: three years' desertion, incurable insanity, and (after three years of marriage) cruelty, insanity, or epilepsy.

The sister denomination in America, the Protestant Episcopal Church, organized in 1789, showed the same repugnance to divorce. Save for making an exception to adultery for the innocent party in granting divorce, the marriage canon remained unchanged until the 1931 convention of the church in Denver.

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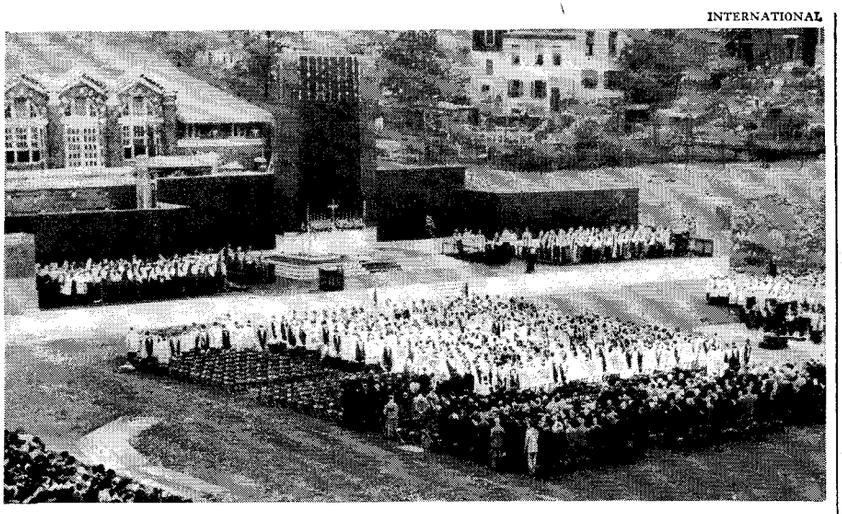
INTERNATIONAL



ONCE IN THREE YEARS Protestant Episcopal leaders meet to make church laws for a million and a half communicants. This opening session of bishops and other delegates met on the University of Cincinnati campus

A statute then was added permitting the bishop or ecclesiastical court to grant annulments on nine grounds: consanguinity, lack of free consent, mental deficiency, mistaken identity, insanity, failure to reach the age of puberty, venereal disease, impotence, and bigamy.

Stripped of spiritual aspects, the opponents' argument against the proposed divorce reform actually is based on these realistic points: (1) Such reform might be used later as an opening wedge for further revision. (2) Such action tends to weaken the church's spiritual hold on its members. (3) Grant of such power to a bishop would make for wholesale confusion, if not anarchy.

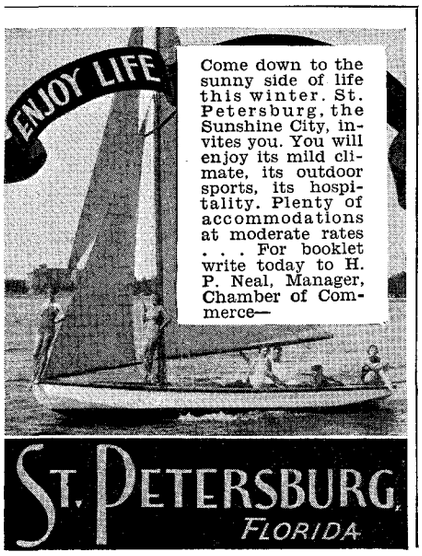
There is plenty of ground for this last contention. In the church's eight provinces spread over the country there are approximately twenty-odd grounds in civil courts for the 165,000 divorces granted yearly to all Americans. What trivial ground might horrify one bishop—say in New York, where the sole ground is adultery—might seem slight to another.

Such threatening implications sent conservatives up in arms when the church Divorce Commission (which counted the late George W. Wickersham as member) last July made a preliminary report on its proposal submitted at Cincinnati. Promptly the Rev. Russell S. Hubbard and the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell, of Providence, R. I., launched the manifesto campaign against it and indignant bishops were so anxious to climb on the band wagon that, although unsolicited, they rushed to sign up. A week before the convention opened the commission had dissenting bishops and deputies gritting their teeth over its full released report. As they packed their bags their manifesto reached the press.

ALMOST simultaneously appeared a document more important than the Hubbard-Bell petition. Of the eleven commissioners, one, the Rev. Dr. Howard C. Robbins, eminent professor at the General Theological Seminary, had dissented, and his minority report at once stiffened the resistance of reform foes. His objections: (1) Scriptural ground, the new section tended to weaken the witness of the church to the Christian ideal of marriage. (2) Constitutional ground, it gives bishops ecclesiastical power to set aside canonical requirements defined by the General Convention.

As debate of the question wore on at Cincinnati, it was apparent to observers that Dr. Robbins' voice, coupled with the opposition of the distinguished Dr. Manning, would doom the reform. Said opponents: "Anything Manning has seriously opposed at a convention has been beaten."

Proponents at least hoped that the commission's recommendation to allow itself to be continued, inasmuch as it is practically a standing committee, would be voted, thereby guaranteeing that the divorce question would be kept alive for the next convention in 1940.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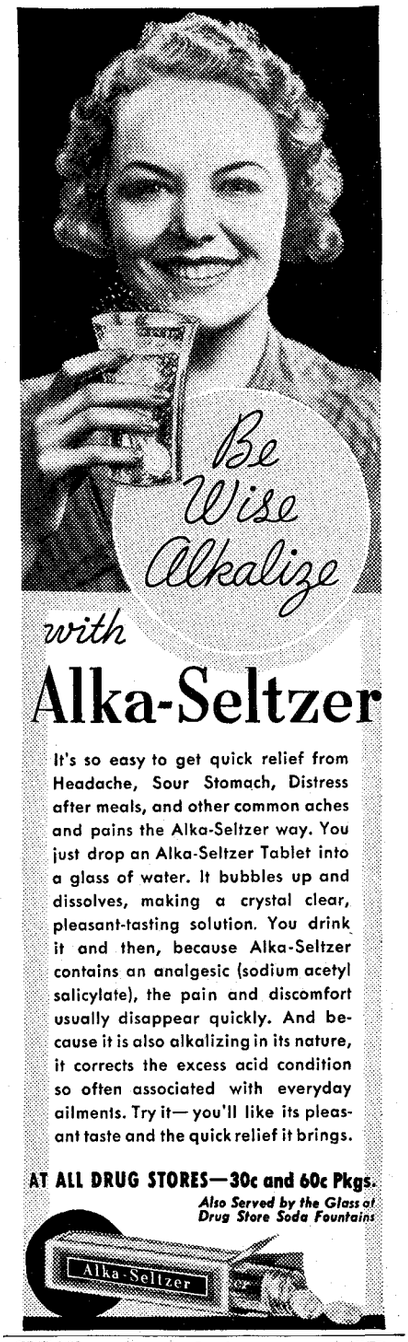
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1. LITTLE VICTORIA, just become Queen, asks to sleep alone

MOVIE of the WEEK

2. CORONATION: the crown still seems too heavy for her young head

3. THE QUEEN rules the kingdom, but the Consort rules the Queen

Victoria the Great

"MEN may come and men may go, but I go on forever." That boast is obviously the sole property of Victoria, *Regina et Imperatrix.* Rivers dry up occasionally—sometimes disappear altogether. Great Britain's little queen with the big reign goes on and on.

The list of books is already uncountable. Helen Hayes proposes to tour the 2-year Broadway play, *Victoria Regina,* all over the United States. Her tour will coincide with the first film to appear on the woman who turned England from pleasure to prudery. *Victoria the Great,* starring Anna Neagle in the title role, is not only the first movie about the queen. Produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, one of England's best-known cinema magnates, it is the first British dramatic production on Victoria's life to receive government sanction.

This fact will be perfectly clear in America, where it is released by RKO, since the film is a reverential paean. It has one outstanding quality: impressiveness. Into this are packed both vices and virtues. Of the former are a complete absence of Victoria's more questionable characteristics, a cold note, too much film.

4. LONELY for her long dead Albert, Victoria awaits her Jubilee

It is supposed to be a personal history. Why, then, no bold hint of her petulant, jealous disposition, why so many historical sequences? You will see her courtship of Albert, but it is as if she knew she were courting him for public consumption. You will see her, a very young girl in a nightgown, being told on June 20, 1837, that she was queen. Her famous first request that she be allowed to sleep alone is there, but the playing lacks the intimate, human quality of Miss Hayes. Anton Walbrook, as Albert, projects this quality much better than Miss Neagle.

The fault is by no means Anna Neagle's. She does a surpassing job. The movie, pretending to be a private story, is essentially an epic. As pageantry, it is excellent film fodder.

Yet her secret moments with the celebrities of the nineteenth century England are emotionally sketchy. If you don't already know Disraeli was something more to her than a Prime Minister, you won't discover it in the Wilcox film.

Something more is needed to make the story vibrant. Something to bring a laugh and a tear. There is, however, another celluloid monument to the glory of England, one that succeeds where this fails. *Cavalcade,* which begins where *Victoria the Great* leaves off, fills you with the might and splendor of the British Empire. It also fills your heart with understanding, for through its pageantry runs the intimate story of one English family. One short scene in *Cavalcade* gave me more of the feeling Englishmen have about Victoria and her period than twenty visits to the new film. It was when the little boy, looking over his balcony at the Queen's funeral, turned and said, "She must have been a very little woman, Mother." *Victoria the Great* has none of that.—*Donita Ferguson*

ALSO—

Make a Wish (RKO)—Musical. Best Bobby Breen vehicle. Master Breen's studied charm still has to be swallowed along with his laudable soprano. Against a boys' camp background, Bobby's singing mother falls in love with the camp musical instructor.

Wife, Doctor, and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)—Hospital drama. That overworked theme is not a whit less ridiculous than it ever was in spite of Warner Baxter, Virginia Bruce, and Loretta Young.

Atlantic Flight (Monogram)—Aviation drama. Dick Merrill's acting debut leaves him still one of the world's great fliers. The film is a cheap attempt to duplicate his 48-hour flight to London and back.

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MUSICAL HORIZON

The Philharmonic Orchestra

JOHN BARBIROLLI, English conductor for New York's Philharmonic Symphony Society, has opened his second season with a friendly gesture toward American composers, announcing nearly a dozen new works of native manufacture. Among them are symphonies by Daniel Gregory Mason and Gardner Read, a fugue for violins by Arcady Dubensky, and novel compositions by Charles Wakefield Cadman, Deems Taylor, Abram Chasins, Samuel Barber, Quinto Maganini, and Walter Piston. New Yorkers will have a chance to prove that they are interested in music for its own sake.

The Metropolitan presents

AS PROPHESIED in these columns a month ago, the outstanding new figure at the Metropolitan Opera this season will be Rose Pauly. (She spells it with an *e,* not an *a.*) Hailed as the world's greatest interpreter of *Elektra,* this Hungarian soprano seems to have created a general revival of interest in the works of Richard Strauss, for the Metropolitan forces are promising also a *Rosenkavalier,* with Lotte Lehmann, Kirsten Thornberg, and Emanuel List in the principal roles, and a *Salome,* with Australian Marjorie Lawrence unveiling and Friedrich Schorr losing his head.

Eight other newcomers from abroad are joining Edward Johnson's big happy family on Broadway, including the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, already familiar to movie audiences. There are also Bruno Landi, Italian lyric tenor; Marita Farell, Czech soprano, formerly heard in New York at the French Casino; Carl Hartmann, dramatic tenor from Munich, who has been here in the past with a German opera company; Adolf Vogel, bass-baritone; Nicola Moscone, Greek basso; an Italian tenor named Tagliabue; and Enid Szantho, contralto.

The chief novelty of the repertoire will be *Amelia Goes to the Ball,* by Gian-Carlo Menotti, 25-year-old Italian-American composer.

New friends, new records

PHONOGRAPH addicts as well as concertgoers will be interested in this year's activities of the New Friends of Music, who are giving sixteen programs of chamber music at New York's Town Hall, beginning November 7. Arrangements have been made with RCA-Victor to record all of the rarely heard compositions in this series, selected from the less known, intimate material of Schubert, Schumann, and Mozart.

The interpreters include such string quartets as the Budapest, Kolisch, Kreiner and Pro Arte, the Pasquier Trio, and the pianists, Artur Schnabel and his son Karl, Rudolph Serkin and Hortense Monath, with Elisabeth Schumann and Friedrich Schorr as Liedersingers.

Tiomkin's movie music

WHILE watching *Lost Horizon* at the Radio City Music Hall, after some Shostakovitsch by Erno Rapee's orchestra, one realizes suddenly that for this motion picture Dimitri Tiomkin has written one of the best film scores yet recorded on the sound track. Here is truly atmospheric music, for a picture that bristles with atmosphere. Tiomkin has too long been known to insiders merely as the modest husband of Albertina Rasch, and to outsiders not at all. He was for many years a top-notch concert pianist, but only a few were aware of his great creative gifts. *Lost Horizon* should make Hollywood Tiomkin-conscious.

Blow, bugle—blow

OUT of the confusing days when the American Legion took over New York, one pleasant story emerges. A group of youthful buglers and drummers marched into the big Wurlitzer store on 42nd Street at high noon. The manager looked apprehensive as they paraded past his pianos and glass showcases, but soon found out the reason for the noisy invasion. One of the boys had lost the mouthpiece of his bugle somewhere in the street, a thing that could happen only at a convention of the American Legion. A new mouthpiece was quickly found, and presented with obvious relief on the part of the manager. The grateful band started to give a concert on the spot, but were persuaded to finish it outside. Their followers trooped out with them, and Wurlitzer's once more looked like a music store.

Henry Hadley

THE death of Henry Hadley, coming soon after that of George Gershwin, deprived America of another important composer. Hadley was the best equipped technically of all our contemporary creators of music, a master of every style, with a facility that made him almost too prolific. He will be remembered not only as a musician, but as a human being of endearing qualities. His attitude toward other composers was remarkably free from the petty jealousies and hostilities that are a perpetual handicap to music. He founded the National Association for American Composers and Conductors and was its honorary president until his death. It will continue to function as a means of securing recognition for our native musical prophets that some strange snobbery still tries to withhold.

For musical readers

GERALD JOHNSON has made a beautiful little book out of his charming essays on various aspects of amateur musical performance, such as "playing the flute badly." He calls the collection *A Little Night Music* (Harpers) with a special bow to Mozart. It is easy to agree with Mr. Johnson's thesis that what this country needs is more bad musicians, so long as they don't impose their music on others, or insist on competing with the professionals.

Backstage at the Opera is the beguiling title of a heftier volume by Rose Heylbut and Aime Gerber (Crowell). Mr. Gerber is paymaster at the Metropolitan, but his revelations do not include fees. The stories are full of human interest, however, and there is much practical information on what makes the operatic wheels go round.
—*Sigmund Spaeth*

RENATO TOPPO

JOHN BARBIROLLI won amazing success here last year. English, he likes American music

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The Spice of Life

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Old lady: "How did those rocks get here?" Guide: "They were brought by glaciers." Old lady: "Where are the glaciers?" Guide: "They have gone to fetch some more."—*Holite Humour, London*

Hard Luck—"Why are you crying, little girl?"
"'Cause my brother has holidays and I don't."
"Well, why don't you have holidays?"
"'Cause I don't go to school yet."—*The Moravian.*

Next Best Thing—"Did they take an X-ray photo of your wife's jaw at the hospital?"
"They tried to, but they could only get a moving picture."
—*Los Angeles Times.*

Out of Control—"That singer has his voice well under control."
"I cannot agree—every time anybody asks him, he sings."
—*En Rolig Half Timma (Gothenburg).*

Try It—*Frosh One:* "I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."
Frosh Two: "I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'That's our dean,' real fast."—*United Mine Workers Journal.*

Swell Affair—"Well, Mary," said the minister, kindly, "you didn't come to our little gathering last night, after all. How was that?"
"Please, sir, I had a little gathering of my own that prevented me."
"Oh? And where was it?"
"If you please, sir, it was on the back of my neck."—*The Lutheran.*

Those Husbands—"Delighted to have met you, Mrs. Higgins," gushed the new resident. "Do come over and see us one night."
"So sorry, dear," replied Mrs. Higgins, "but we never go anywhere. You see, my husband is partially paralyzed."
"Oh, don't let that worry you. My husband is that way more than half his time."—*Washington Star.*

Flight—"Mamma, do angels have wings?"
"Yes, dear," replied the mother.
"And can angels fly, mamma?"
"Yes, dear."
"Daddy said nurse was an angel last night. When will she fly?"
"Tomorrow," replied the mother.—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.).*

Medical Note—Lapidus was worried. His wife was undergoing an operation.
"Vid me it's like dis," he told a friend. "I dun't mind de forty dollars so much. It's de tarrible denger."
"Dun't be silly," smiled his friend. "Vot kind dengerous operation could it be—ven it costs only forty dollars?"
—Mark Hellinger in *New York Mirror.*

Ever Thus—The man at the theater was annoyed by the conversation in the row behind.
"Excuse me," he said, "but we can't hear a word."
"Oh," replied the talkative one; "and is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"—*The Rail (Aurora, Ill.).*

In a Rush—Notice on an office door in an Alabama township: "Back in an hour. Gone to lynch."—*London Era.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

George Dangerfield: "Quaint belief: that monarchs and not millionaires are the symbols of twentieth-century tyranny."

F. J. Huddleston: "It is easier to let loose the dogs of war than to catch and kennel them again."

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg: "The domination of woman is responsible for the low cultural level of America."

Hitler: "Those who can, do. Those who can't, criticize."

New York Times: "Miraculous Soviet industrial records are Stalin's. Breakdowns are Trotsky's."

Rouben Mamoulian: "The motion picture industry is no different from the underwear industry."

Jim Farley: "This administration has no time for vendettas."

When the patient is wealthy: "Your master has been ill a long time?" "Yes. The doctor had only a bicycle on his first call."—*Il 420, Florence*

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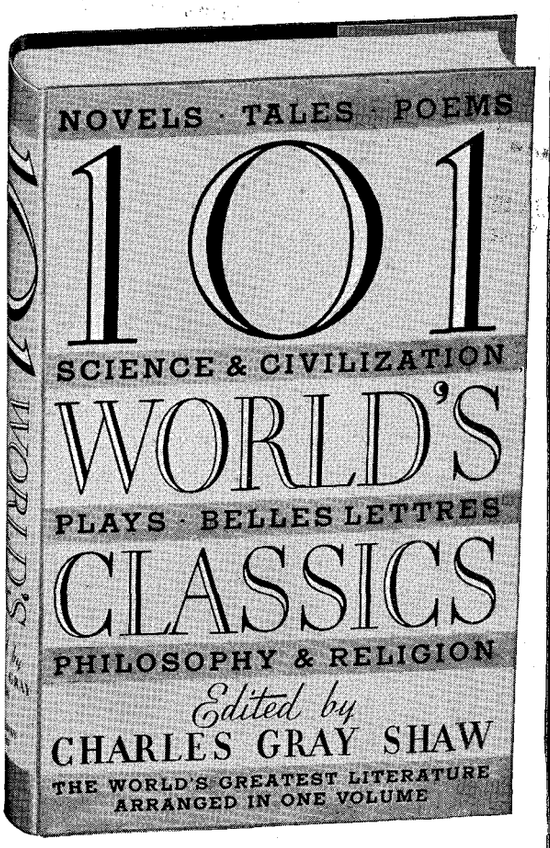

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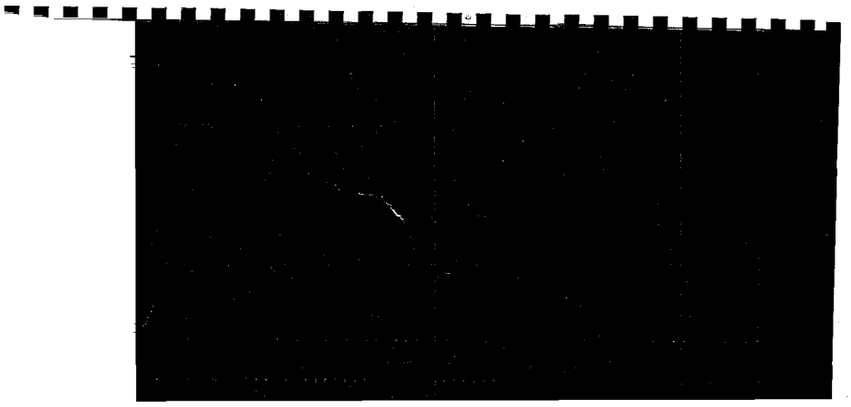

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